The New REPUBLIC

Published Weekly

Saturday 21st November 1914

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The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME I New York Saturday 21st November 1914 NUMBER 3

NOW that the American troops are to evacuate Vera Cruz, it is fair to ask why they were sent there and what they have accomplished. If we remember correctly, it was said at the time that the flag had been insulted by a Huertista, and American dignity required an act of reprisal. We presume that this comic-opera reason was not the one which actually inspired the President. For it was clear that the Administration favored the Constitutionalists, and that after the fall of Torreon the darling idea of destroying Huerta seemed about to be realized. There was a chance, however, that a new shipment of arms would help the Federals. By seizing Vera Cruz we could prevent the "Ypiranga" from landing her cargo, and so deprive Huerta of the weapons he needed. We seized Vera Cruz, but the arms were landed at Puerta Mexico. Nevertheless Huerta fell, and the President's policy was called a success. There was just one rift in the lute. When Huerta fell, no one else arose. And at this moment conditions in Mexico are said to be worse than at any time within the memory of man. Constitutional government is as far off as it ever was. The needed land reforms are not in the least likely to be carried out, foreigners are not safe in Mexico, and the country is prostrate. What have we accomplished? For what purpose did American and Mexican soldiers die at Vera Cruz? To what end did we intervene?

THE President is a silent and secretive man, and he has the air of profound intentions. His hand has been free because the news was constantly suppressed, because Europe was unable to interfere, and because this country shared his dislike of Huerta and his genuine desire for peace. Moreover, there never was any question that Mr. Wilson was eager to serve the Mexican people, and to prevent any aggression by the United States. Because Americans admired his idealism, they resolved to trust his methods. It seemed inconceivable that he should be without definite policy, that the action at Vera Cruz was merely feeble and impotent, that the watching and the waiting and the impressive silence there was not some large and well-defined idea. Yet when the troops leave Vera Cruz on Monday they will leave the Mexican problem completely unsolved. A good intention does not constitute a good policy. The President is, if anything, further from a solution than he was when Mr. Taft so genially bequeathed the difficulty to him. Mr. Wilson has no Mexican policy, yet Mr. Wilson has interfered in Mexico. Mr. Wilson wished to establish self-government in Mexico; he leaves it in chaos. Mr. Wilson wishes peace and deplores aggression, Mr. Wilson seized a paltry excuse for aggression, and then shrank feebly from the consequences. He has blown hot and cold, has favored different factions, has put embargoes on arms and allowed arms to go in.

WE find it hard to understand why we should evacuate Vera Cruz when more trouble is just about to begin. Perhaps Mr. Wilson has given up all hope of doing more than to allow Mexico to work out her own agony. For whatever influence he may have had will be lessened by this empty rattling of the sword and hasty retreat. From Vera Cruz he had at least a tangible leverage on Mexico. It might have been possible to justify the taking of Vera Cruz if Mr. Wilson had used it as a base from which to exert pressure in the direction of some definite policy. Vera Cruz in American hands was a big, impressive physical fact. Vera Cruz evacuated now is an object lesson to Mexico that our attitude is capricious and without underlying plan. The latest dispatches say that while we are withdrawing the army, we shall not restore the customs money until order is restored. In other words we are to weaken our hold, but we are not to let go. We are still intervening. But it is a serious business to interfere in another country, and only the most genuine reasons can ever justify it. By withdrawing now we show that our intervention was unjustified, for we leave with nothing accomplished. Mr. Wil-

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opinions could be given some weight in Mexico. From Washington his words will beat the air. And if foreigners are killed or plundered now, what will he do? Will he be ready to admit that he has failed, that he can do nothing about Mexico, that our intervention has achieved nothing? Or will he, with great determination, seize Vera Cruz again?

IN presenting his estimates to the House of Commons on Tuesday, Lloyd George estimated that one year of war would cost Great Britain no less than £450,000,000 or, roughly, two and a quarter billion dollars. The Chancellor reminded the Commons that this sum was greater than the entire cost of any war waged by England, and was over twice the sum spent during the whole four years of the South African contest. The expense is to be met by a great loan, by increased taxes on beer, and by a tax on tea, in order to reach "the elusive teetotallers" who, according to George, are "as difficult to catch as the Emden." But the most significant financial expedient is the doubling of the income tax, to be levied at first on part of the income and later on the whole income. The effect will be to set a new standard of heavy taxation on earned and unearned incomes, and it is not probable that these increased rates will ever be greatly reduced. The shifting of the burden of taxation from those who are less to those who are more able to stand it goes on rapidly in peace and still more rapidly in war.

WHEN reform once starts, you never can tell where it will stop. A university president has come out against militarism, a conspicuous number of editors are against the Kaiser, several ladies have bought a bale of cotton, a large number of socks are being knitted. But the tide can be stemmed. Though in New Jersey a bill has been introduced making it illegal for an organ-grinder to employ a monkey, it may still be legal to employ a child.

FOR the complete stultification of the human mind there is nothing like a reference to a corporate body. To speak of the American National Woman Suffrage Association is alone enough to stifle thought. It is a formidable and overwhelming title, staggering to read or to articulate. But apart from the duty of repeating this leaden title, there is nothing formal to be said about the annual convention of this extremely important organization which concluded last Monday at Nash- [illegible] decisions at [illegible] and we are the "melting-pot" of

to clear its own mind on two fundamental issues. It had to take its stand on the partisan tactics of the Congressional Union, and it had to clarify the moot question of constitutional amendment. Both these questions it faced, it debated, it voted upon and it decided. The Congressional Union is the body that two years ago expressed the necessity for political activity on the part of woman suffragists in America. Flung out as an advance guard, it undoubtedly showed a healthy reaction from the political passivity of the National Association. But when the National Association attempted last year at Washington to regularize the activities of the Union, the women who composed that body gave signs of recalcitrance, and eventually of positive disagreement. During 1913-1914 there were numerous clashes between the Union on one hand, and the Congressional Committee of the National Association on the other, and all through the country there were evidences of the heat and confusion engendered by outspoken antagonism. Against the candidacy of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National, and Mrs. Medill McCormick of Chicago, chairman of the Congressional Committee, these recalcitrant forces were marshalled in the convention last week. By a vote of more than 2 to 1 Dr. Shaw was reelected president, and two uncompromising resolutions were carried, settling the political policy of the National Association. The convention declared itself, in the first place, "absolutely opposed to holding any political party responsible for the opinions and acts of its individual members, or holding any individual public official or candidate responsible for the actions of his party majority," and in the second place it announced itself ready to support such substitute amendment to the constitution as the board of directors might authorize. The good sense of the large minority in the convention was shown by its acquiescence in the decisions. These make perfectly clear the non-partisan character of the Association, and they keep the issue of woman suffrage where it belongs, before the entire male electorate of this country, to be passed upon, not as a party measure, entailing opposition to the party in power, but as a measure fundamentally democratic, to be decided on its own merits, by communities educated to the importance to women of all that suffrage means.

TO the people who are sure that nations must be all of one race we suggest this question. Austria-Hungary consists of many races, and you say it ought to be dismembered on racial lines; the United States consists of still more races, and you say it ought to be united. Austria is the "whirl- [illegible] pool of Europe"

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THIS is the time not to grow excited about flags and etiquette and the punctilios of international affairs. For this reason no one will dispute the wisdom of Secretary Daniels' order to the captains of the Tennessee and the North Carolina that they are to take no action which would involve this government. Undoubtedly the President and his Cabinet have a very sharp recollection of the Tampico incident, and there is great comfort in the thought that they will not wish to repeat it. The reports of what happened in the Bay of Smyrna do not justify a scarehead agitation in the newspapers. That official Turkey was responsible for the shooting is unthinkable. It was probably either a mistake for which there will be apologies, or it was the result of a local outburst beyond the control of the Turkish government. In neither case is there reason for a stampede.

WHILE minor poetry is enveloping the "brilliant exploits" of the cruiser Emden, word reaches us about one of these brilliant exploits. There was a ship on its way to Madras carrying the city and town-planning exhibition devised by Professor Patrick Geddes. The ship was sunk by the Emden, and so India and the world will have to do without the inspiration of that cargo. For the moment, perhaps, the world will not notice the loss; it will pour out its admiration of the Emden, and waste no pity on the men whose life work is so incidentally destroyed. We hear that most of the exhibition cannot be replaced, yet this may be the wrong time to lament that these plans for noble cities fit for mankind are lost. Civilization is cheap just now, for the world is busy defending it.

BERNARD SHAW'S comments on the war may be wrong, his proposals unworkable, his judgments inadequate, but their value is unimpeachable. They are full of that rarest kind of courage which enables a man to maintain his self-respect against the intoxication of a crowd. Europe to-day is overrun with men who are ready to face guns; it is depressingly empty of men who are ready to be snubbed, to be slandered, to be called coward. It has shown us few men who were ready to yield so readily as Shaw has done the good-will of their own people. Few understand what it means to write as he has written. After years of ridicule and abuse he has won a real popularity; he is middle-aged now, and had peace prevailed he might have looked forward to a quiet enjoyment of his success. The author of "Fanny's First Play" was obviously quite able to amuse the ordinary Londoner, to grow rich and be admired. It would have been easy for Shaw to have done, accept the English case as a good one, and mount to greater fame as a scathing satirist of the Kaiser. No man in Europe could have blown Bernhardi into smaller fragments. It would have been the easy choice, but he has not made it. He has instead done the difficult thing at the most difficult time, and whether he is right or wrong in what he says is a small matter when the right is as murky as it is in Europe. But the fighting candor and the integrity of his soul blow like a cleansing gale upon the feverish hate of that continent.

PRESIDENT WILSON did not appear at his best in his recent conference with the delegation which appealed to him in behalf of the negroes in the Government service. If, as is alleged, Mr. William Monroe Trotter of Boston, the spokesman of the committee, was guilty of an impropriety in making a reply to the President, then the President might well have used his discretion as to whether a rebuke was in order. But it does not seem obviously appropriate for the President of the United States to complain of the "intolerable burden" of his own office to negroes who daily suffer burdens more intolerable, who come to the President with real grievances due to the President's own inaction in a moral crisis. The President waives aside all references to considerations of political support by negroes as "blackmail," but the President before his election sought that support, and sought it with explicit promises which negroes and others believe have not been kept. "Should I become President of the United States," he said during the campaign of 1912, "they [the colored people] may count upon me for absolute fair dealing and for everything by which I could assist in advancing the interest of their race in the United States." What the President has as yet done in advancing this interest he does not state; what he intends to do in the future he does not state. But he does express his unwillingness to interfere with Southern members of his Cabinet, who are segregating colored employees, setting apart Federal civil servants with negro blood in them as though they were lepers, a humiliation which is bitterly resented by colored people throughout the country and deplored by thousands of high-minded white people, yet one which the President finds words to condone. The President used fair words in 1912 in his appeal to the negroes for votes. We know now that those words meant nothing.

WE live these days in an atmosphere of large words. Militarism, aggression, freedom, peace, national survival, destiny, race, we speak of

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But where, for example, in the gradation from Tolstoi to Bernhardi does a man become a militarist? What constitutes aggression? Was it aggressive for Germany to send the gunboat Panther to Agadir, or for France to seize Morocco? Was England aggressive or defensive in South Africa, in Persia? It is aggressive to try to monopolize the trade of backward countries? Are protective tariffs aggressive? Was Austria aggressive when it set up a tariff against Servia's commerce in pigs? Would it be aggressive for Italy to "redeem" Trieste? Were we aggressive when we took the Philippines? Is the Monroe Doctrine aggressive? And what is a war for freedom? Would the crushing of the Hohenzollerns by the Allies be a liberation of the German people? Was our refusal to recognize Huerta an act to further self-government in Mexico? What is peace? Are tariff wars, concession wars, labor wars, diplomatic wars, armament races, all aspects of peace? What is national survival? Do nations die? Can nations be destroyed by the enemy? Is national destiny written in the stars or in the newspapers? When national destiny tells Greece, Servia and Bulgaria in turn that its destiny is to control the Balkan peninsula to the exclusion of the others, what about the destinies that can't be satisfied? Above all, what about race? Who are the chosen people? When German Emperors have English mothers and Russian cousins, how do they know which race they belong to? When Englishmen sweat Englishmen in nasty slums, who are the chosen people then?

VERY often the same people who talk in favor of developing "our" trade, talk against allowing workingmen and the public to share in the management of industry. They say they do not wish "outsiders" to "interfere" in "their business," yet they are surprised when employees and consumers do not grow enthusiastic about "our" trade. But we cannot have the thing both ways. We cannot call business a national interest, and at the same time treat it as the exclusive private interest of the employer. Either business is run by business men for themselves alone, and the rest of us have nothing to say, or business is a national service in which workingmen, consumers, investors, and managers are all represented. Talk to-day to an enlightened workingman or an intelligent consumer, and he will smile when you mention "our" industries. He knows they are not his industries.

THE Federal Reserve Board has already attacked the problem of reorganizing the vast and diffused business of cotton-growing in the loan administration, Secretary McAdoo is sending out a circular to bankers throughout the cotton-growing states, urging them to advise planters to change their methods of farming during the coming year. If the present acreage devoted to cotton is maintained, prices are bound to remain low owing to the disorganization of the textile industries of Europe. If, on the other hand, one-quarter of that acreage can be devoted to the raising of beef-cattle, if farming in the South can become diversified, not only will there be a foreign as well as a home market for Southern beef, pork and other products, but the price of cotton, even of the present year's crop, will inevitably rise. The recommendation of the Federal Reserve Board can hardly be disregarded in view of its control of the fundamental conditions of credit. If, as seems not at all unlikely, the Board is successful in carrying out its policy of placing cotton-growing upon a more stable basis, the way will be opened for other attempts to reorganize and solidify our American industries.

A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD New Jersey boy was sentenced to 120 days in jail for shooting out of season a rabbit which had been devastating his mother's vegetable garden. Citizens offered to pay the fine of $124, but the youth preferred to serve his term rather than let half of the fine go to the informer. The mother, of whom he was the sole support, was compelled to seek employment. In the end the young man was released on appeal, and the case seems likely to be dropped. This unimportant instance of "Jersey justice" is worthy of attention because every step in it illustrates the weakness of our criminal law; the heavy penalty for a trivial offense and the statute's failure to take account of intention; the alternative of fine and imprisonment, a device for softening the rigors of the law for people of means; the antiquated custom of making procedure a personal quarrel between accused and accuser; the hardship inflicted upon innocent, dependent persons. To make the blundering record complete, when influential people interested themselves in the affair, all the immutable principles involved in this rabbit's untimely demise were forgotten, and then it was that the case was appealed.

PROMINENT Washington women in a box at the Columbia Theatre brought forth knitting material during the intermissions. The things they make are to be sent to Belgium for the relief of the suffering people. One pair of socks = twenty cents. One box at the Columbia Theatre = twenty dollars. The impulse is unimpeachable, but the

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Presidential Complacency

THE real interest of the letter which President Wilson wrote to Secretary McAdoo on Tuesday is psychological rather than political. How can a man of his shrewd and masculine intelligence possibly delude himself into believing the extravagant claims which he makes on behalf of the Democratic legislative achievement? His letter reads like one of the dithyrambs which used to be delivered by Mark Hanna upon the abounding benefits which the administration of Mr. McKinley had bestowed upon the American people. The Democratic legislation "has done away with agitation and suspicion because it has done away with certain fundamental wrongs." "New things have been put into action, which are sure to prove the instruments of a new life." "The future is clear and bright with the promise of the best things." "Fundamental wrongs once righted, *as they may easily and quickly be.* [our italics], all the differences will clear away." "The future will be very different from the past, which we shall presently look back upon, I venture to say, as if upon a bad dream"; and all these wonderful results have been accomplished in part as a result of tariff revision and anti-trust legislation, but chiefly because the Federal Reserve Act has supplied "means of accommodation in the business world, and an instrumentality by which the interests of all, without regard to class, may readily be served." We must repeat: How can a man of President Wilson's intelligence see in tinkering with the tariff and anti-trust laws, and in a reorganization of the banking system of the country, the causes of a better social order? How many sincere progressives follow him in believing that this legislation has made the future clear and bright with the promise of best things? Where will such leadership finally land the Democratic party and the progressive movement?

President Wilson could not have written his letter unless he had utterly misconceived the meaning and the task of American progressivism. After every allowance has been made for his justifiable pride at the excellent legislative record of the Democrats and for the natural exaggerations of the oratorical temperament, there remains an ominous residue of sheer misunderstanding. Any man of President Wilson's intellectual equipment who seriously asserts that the fundamental wrongs of a modern society can be easily and quickly righted as a consequence of a few laws passed between the birth and death of a single Congress, casts suspicion either upon his own sincerity or upon his grasp of the realities of modern social and industrial life. Mr. Wilson's sincerity is above suspicion, but he is a dangerous and unsound thinker upon contemporary affairs. He is, as he himself has said, "a single-track mind," but a mind which is fully convinced of the everlasting righteousness of its own performances and which surrounds this conviction with a halo of shimmering rhetoric. He deceives himself with these phrases, but he should not be allowed to deceive progressive popular opinion. If the "New Freedom," after less than two years of actual operation, has done away with the causes of agitation and suspicion, and promises to the country an era of good feeling and social benefaction which will make the past few years look like a bad dream, then the New Freedom is an essentially mechanical and an essentially conservative doctrine. It is mechanical because it claims to accomplish as the result of a few changes in legal mechanism so much too much. It is conservative because it becomes so fatuously complacent about its own achievements, and it makes the exorcism of a few "bad dreams" an excuse for taking refuge in a sound but stupefying slumber.

Education With a Bias

UNTIL recent years the attitude of business toward the economic doctrines taught in school and college was prevailingly one of indulgent contempt. The old-time tariff beneficiary could afford to smile at the free-trade teachings of the college which he was helping to support. Experience had taught him that a few years of struggle in the hard conditions of practical life would transform the college free trader into an ardent protectionist. Protectionism, after all, is in the blood of most of us. Whatever economic logic may pretend to establish, we cannot get it entirely out of our minds that we can build up domestic prosperity through handicaps upon foreign trade.

We have, however, passed beyond the stage in which the chief political interest of business centers in the tariff. Not much less than one-fifth of all the private capital of the country is now invested in railways and other forms of public service enterprises. These vast interests are, in last analysis, dependent upon the popular will; they will thrive or languish according to the course of legislative action and judicial interpretation. The protected interests can rely upon a deep-seated popular prejudice in their favor. Not so with the public service enterprises. In every part of the country there exists a smoldering popular distrust of the public service corporation, likely at any time to be fanned into a flame of hostile legislation.

Accordingly it is not surprising that practical business men are now looking upon public opinion as a natural force to be conserved and put to financial use; a force which, if neglected, may work wide-

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past generation has given way to one who talks incessantly and engagingly about the community-building activities of his company. Publicity, which once the reformer vainly demanded of the public service companies, is now proclaimed by the corporate managements themselves to be the breath of their life. But it must be the right kind of publicity. What is, from the point of view of the interests, a wrong kind of publicity must be checked at its source. Hence the new profession of the publicity agent, whose function it is to call the attention of the representatives of the press to careless and prejudicial statements. Hence, too, a new solicitude about the financial doctrines of our colleges.

The American Electric Railway Association is a powerful organization including in its membership some four hundred of the electric railway companies of the United States. The association has a committee on public relations which takes account of the attitude of the governmental bodies, and of the public opinion as well, toward the electric railway interests. A sub-committee, under the chairmanship of James H. McGraw, was appointed to draft a "code of principles" setting forth what should be the relations between the electric railway interests and the state. This code of principles was submitted to the association on October fourteenth, and appears in the Electric Railway Journal of October fifteenth. It is an able, and, on the whole, a moderate document, as the following summary indicates:

(1) Quality is the chief consideration in transportation service, and "quality of service must primarily depend upon the money received in fares." (2) Regulated private ownership and operation are superior to public ownership and operation. (3) In the interests of the public, local transportation should be a monopoly, subjected to state rather than local control. (4) Short term franchises are detrimental to civic welfare. (5) Electric railways must be allowed to earn a fair return on a fair capitalization. (6) "Securities which have been issued in accordance with the law as it has been interpreted in the past should be valid obligations on which an electric railway is entitled to a fair return." (7) Adequate wages are essential to good service, but electric railways "should be protected against excessive demands of labor and strikes." (8) "The principle of ownership of securities of local companies by centralized holding companies is economically sound." (9) "In the appraisal of an electric railway for the purpose of determining reasonable rates, all methods of valuation should have due consideration." (10) Full and frank publicity should be the policy of all transportation companies.

The sub-committee further recommended the creation of a financed bureau of public relations for those suspected of hostile intent to be found of—"Influencing the sources of public education, particularly by (a) lectures on the Chautauqua circuits, and (b) formation of a committee of prominent technical educators to promote the formulation and teaching of correct principles on public service questions in technical and economic departments of American colleges, through courses of lectures and otherwise."

We are safe in assuming that the "correct principles" to be taught in the technical and economic departments of the American colleges are none other than those outlined in the code above summarized. This leads one to a closer examination of the code than would be warranted if it were to be regarded merely as an expression of aspirations on the part of a special interest.

We note that principle number six inculcates the doctrine that a fair return on capitalization must be permitted, no matter how extravagantly it may have been watered. Number eight commits us to approval of the holding company; number three, to the principle that a city like New York must forever look to Albany for the regulation of its transportation system; number four, to the long-term franchise. Indeed, there is only one of the ten—the desirability of publicity—that is not in some measure debatable. No conclave of disinterested political scientists would presume to formulate a canon of "correct principles" on the relations of public utility corporations to the state. What is the likelihood that a canon formulated by a special interest will be subscribed to either by political scientists or by the general public?

It is not here disputed that public opinion is a proper object of solicitude on the part of the public service interests. It is possible, indeed probable, that the character of many of their financial operations is generally misunderstood, and hence that they frequently suffer under unjust popular censure. Teachers of economics are no doubt occasionally unduly harsh in their condemnation of various practices of the public service corporations. It has not been very long that the policy of publicity has been followed by such corporations, and there are still a number of corners not adequately illuminated; more light should remove whatever unwarranted suspicion now falls upon the corporations.

We are therefore much in need of a far more thorough exposition of the practices and purposes of the public service companies—an honestly partisan exposition of their side, with no pretence to a monopoly of "correct principles." But a deliberate policy of "influencing public education at its source" is sure to prove worse than futile. Nothing is easier than to start a well-poisoning scare; and while such a scare reigns it is unsafe

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in the country that does not now welcome to its lecture rooms any man of affairs who, in his capacity of public-spirited citizen, is willing to enlighten the student body upon the principles of his business. Such cooperation between the colleges and practical life is becoming increasingly common. But let it once be understood that an organized effort is being made by private interests to shape the doctrines taught in these schools, and this form of cooperation becomes useless. The college is no more a field for business propaganda than for the propaganda of anarchism.

Restraint of Trade

THOUGH we know fairly well what acts are forbidden by the Sherman Anti-trust Law, we do not know to what extent that statute permits combination or cooperation. Upon this vitally significant question we shall probably be enlightened when the Supreme Court renders its judgment upon the appeals in the Steamship Pool case, decided last month by the Federal District Court in New York, and in the Harvester case, decided in August by the Federal District Court in Minnesota. These two cases present the same fundamental question, but the two decisions answer the question quite differently.

What the Supreme Court will tell us is the test of the validity of a combination. Does that validity depend upon the resulting injury or benefit to the public, as shown by the facts in the particular case, or is it dependent upon the observance of certain positive rules against the restriction of competition? A clear answer to this question will be the only way of settling the widespread difference of opinion as to whether the mere power to crush competition renders a combination unlawful, without regard to whether the combination has actually exerted that power.

In the Steamship Pool case it appeared that nearly all of the transatlantic steamship lines had entered into an agreement, known as the North Atlantic Conference, to apportion among themselves the traffic in steerage passengers and to fix the fares to be charged. Each line was free to secure such share of the traffic as it could, but a line obtaining more than its agreed quota was bound to compensate other lines which failed to get their share. The agreement was subject to revision from time to time, and this furnished an incentive for competition, since a line which did not prove its capacity to hold its share of the business was liable to have this share reduced at the next apportionment.

Here was a combination to prevent free competi- on the ocean, with sufficient power besides to crush outside competition. While the Court restrained the abuse of power by prohibiting the operation of "fighting ships," it unanimously refused to dissolve the combination itself, on the broad ground that the evidence proved no injury to the public, but rather a benefit. The Court found that there was no evidence that the rates fixed were unreasonably high. It examined the peculiar circumstances affecting carriage by sea, which makes the problem of conducting it altogether different from the problem of conducting railroad transportation. The history of ocean transportation convinced the Court that without some method of regulating competition there would be a succession of rate wars which would put the weaker lines out of business, prevent the improvement of service, and probably result in the establishment of an effective monopoly. So the Court concluded that instead of restraining trade, the conference agreement really fostered and protected trade by giving to it a stability which insured a more satisfactory public service.

In the Harvester case, on the other hand, the Court decided that there was a violation of the Anti-trust Act, because the International Harvester Company, by combining five competing companies, had acquired control of about eighty-five per cent of the trade in necessary farm implements. This fact was the sole ground for the decision. The majority of the Court—for there is a vigorous dissenting opinion by Judge Sanborn—gave no consideration to the effect of the combination upon the trade and the public. The evidence, as is conceded by the judges, showed that there was no over-capitalization; that the Government's charges of the use of unfair methods to crush competitors were unfounded; that while harvesting machines had improved in quality, prices had advanced but little, and such advance was much smaller than in the case of other agricultural machinery in regard to which there was no claim of restraint of trade. The evidence also showed that though the foreign business of the combined companies had increased immensely, their proportionate share of the domestic trade had considerably decreased, and that outside competition had grown and flourished.

The opposition between the two decisions is thus manifest. Which view of the law will be taken by the Supreme Court?

In its later opinions, beginning with the Standard Oil case, the Supreme Court has tended very distinctly towards the adoption of injury to the public as the test of violation of the Sherman Act. It has repeatedly declared that the words "restraint of trade," at common law and in the law of this country at the time of the adoption of the Anti-

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words in the statute have the same meaning as at common law. The common law as to restraint of trade was declared last winter by the House of Lords, the highest court of Great Britain, in Northwestern Salt Co. vs. Electrolytic Alkali Co., a case which cannot fail to have great weight with our Supreme Court. The question before the English Court was whether a combination of salt manufacturers for the purpose of limiting the production of salt and of maintaining the price was invalid at common law because in restraint of trade. The House of Lords held that the question could not be determined upon a mere inspection of the terms of the agreement by the application of a general rule, but that the decision must depend upon the injury or benefit to the public resulting from the combination, as disclosed by the evidence. Lord Chancellor Haldane said: "Unquestionably the combination in question was one the purpose of which was to regulate supply and keep up prices. But an ill-regulated supply and unremunerative prices may, in point of fact, be disadvantageous to the public. Such a state of things may, if it is not controlled, drive manufacturers out of business or lower wages, and so cause unemployment or labor disturbance. It must always be a question of circumstances whether a combination of manufacturers in a particular trade is an evil from a public point of view."

If the test to be applied in the pending cases is injury to the public, one would expect that the Supreme Court, unless it finds that the evidence does not sustain the conclusions of the lower courts, will affirm the decision in the Steamship Pool case, and will reverse the decision in the Harvester case. One result would be to make clear to the country that in cases under the Anti-trust Act, courts do not actually decide questions of law by the application of definite legal rules, but decide economic questions depending for their wise solution upon a thorough understanding of the facts and the needs of business in relation to the welfare of the people as a whole.

The problem would then have been faced squarely. It would be understood that the legal conditions under which business shall grow cannot be derived from legal precedent, but must be determined with a great deal of flexibility in accordance with a social policy.

Probably the country would applaud the common sense of such an interpretation of the statute. But there might well be doubt as to the wisdom of leaving the determination of such questions to judges who are busy with other matters, have no facilities for investigation, and are not specially qualified for the task either by training or experience. Perhaps, if the new Federal Trade Commission wins public confidence, it may in time be thought best to confide to it in the first instance

Our Literary Poverty

FOR some years in this country there have been signs, in drama and literature as well as architecture and painting, of a conscious national impulse. Critical people have become weary of the time-worn excuse that America is young. Even the young, these people feel, do eventually leave the perambulator and learn the trick of walking by themselves. American cultural development is the concern of many far from chauvinistic persons to whom nationalism is not the synonym for group-selfishness, but the synonym for individualization. Conscious nationalism is healthy, and in the plastic arts, at any rate, capable of being cultivated without unnatural strain. In drama and literature, however, the process of individualization is especially difficult, and the difficulty has received too little thought.

America more than once has been termed the literary vassal of England. The phrase is crude and provocative, but there is in it a great element of truth. Where America has been penalized, in a way far too little considered, is in having had a differentiated experience without having had a differentiated language. One national language is probably as good as another, but behind all language movements there is a sound popular instinct, an instinct of self-preservation. In differentiated language there is, without any doubt, a cultural resource. For a people advancing in civility and wealth a national language provides a normal protection to literature. Placing a guard around the nation in its formative years, it induces the native to give expression to his own motives and experiences in the tongue of his hearthstone and his craft. Even if the ruling classes employ a formal medium, the other language is fostered and mellowed, and in course of time becomes the natural medium for story-teller, poet and seer. It registers the characteristics and intimacies of the people, and as nature inflects their lives, so their speech becomes expressive and idiomatic. When the artist arrives to give form to what has been enjoyed and endured, he employs a language creatively evolved.

In England literature has followed very closely the experience of the people. In America to a surprising extent the people have been willing to subsist on English expression. It may be said that the peoples came originally from the same stock, inherited the same traditions and shared the same ideals. But it is precisely because the discrepancies were apparently so slight that American expression was so easily inhibited. To ascribe this inhibition in part to the social exigencies of our pioneer experience is fairly just, but the factor of language remains. In other countries the translators alone

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guistic customs; the native artist was called on to satisfy the native soul. But in America, where no customs existed, where trade was free, the wealth of British culture was drawn upon at the time when American genius most needed encouragement, and in the entire educational establishment "literature" came to mean preeminently English literature, always fully intelligible but never quite at home.

One heroic effort was made to free America from the differentiated, the feudalistic, culture of the Old World. But Walt Whitman could not by himself give literary value to neglected American life. This does not imply that American life went unexpressed. However successful were the incursions of all the Victorians—and successful they were—great Americans arose to interpret and inspire. An American literature was created which helped to answer the country's desire to see its experience mirrored. But from the first acquaintance with English masterpieces in the primary school to subsequent acquaintance with letters in college, there was always, for the majority of American youth, a certain frigidity and detachment due largely to English usurpation. Too much of literature had no associations whatever with things that were daily heard and seen and felt. And this was accentuated, as it is still accentuated, by the timid-step-child attitude of nearly all American professors toward a culture not originated here. Literary professors in England are sufficiently hidebound, but they at least are not afraid to refer occasionally to life. In America, however, the average literary "authority" is willing, owing to remoteness, to wait until English critics have written, wherefore we have reflections on reflections. Except for a few original thinkers like Edgar Allen Poe, literary critics in America have seemed to be deferential curates in a literary country-house, afraid to have opinions that might clash with the family's. All the energy and even vehemence that belong to men who love letters is lacking in American criticism. No criticism could be more painstaking, more reasonable, more solemn, more correct. But if our literature was our own, it is not reason that would distinguish our criticism, but passionate concern.

English literature will continue to mean much to Americans. But even if we have suffered for years the immense drawback of educational and journalistic subordination, the time seems to have come when Americans realize that for our own peculiar life we need interpreters and critics who speak, if not a distinct language, at least the language of a distinct people, to whom even the most perceptive Englishmen must come a little from outside. Had we our own language, we would need far less to mention differences. As it is, we can only mend our poverty by consciously and definitely refusing to

The Railroads and the Nation

THE application for an increase of five per cent in railroad rates which is now being considered by the Interstate Commerce Commission involves questions much more difficult and momentous than those which appear upon the surface. It involves the whole relation between the railroads and the nation. It involves the success or failure of the policy of administrative regulation of the most important public utility in the country. It involves the policy of public ownership as an alternative to public regulation. The Interstate Commerce Commission was constituted, and its powers have been gradually increased, in order to mediate between the railroads and the nation—in order to convert the privately owned railroads into a satisfactory public transportation agency. It was assumed that the conversion could be made without doing any injustice to the owners of railroad securities, and without losing any of the advantages which have resulted from private ownership and operation. After the experience of the past eight years, can this assumption continue to be accepted, and if not, what are the possible alternatives? Is regulation to be relaxed and the owners of railroad property allowed a more decisive voice in its management? Or is the division of responsibility and the conflict of interests to be wiped out by the nationalization of the railroads, and their management exclusively as a public utility?

The friends of the railroads have themselves raised these questions by the presentation of their case to the Commission. When the previous application for a five per cent increase was pending, they reiterated with the utmost emphasis the assertion that the real choice lay not between acquiescence or refusal, but between acquiescence and ultimate government ownership. They declared that unless the net return upon the capital invested in railroads was increased, they could not raise the money needed to supply the country with an adequate transportation service. Undismayed by this threat the Commission allowed the railroads only a fraction of what had been claimed as an indispensable minimum. The decision was accepted under protest, and the application renewed as soon as the war presented a plausible excuse. If it is again refused, how about the reality of the advertised alternative of an increase in rates or a collapse in credit and service—of a larger return on capital, or eventual government ownership?

Surely the alternative is coming to have an increasing amount of reality. The owners of the railroads will have to be treated with

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property or the property itself will have to be purchased by the nation. Whatever the justifiability of the treatment which they are now receiving, the treatment itself is bound to injure their ability to perform their work. It is not merely that they are running a business the expenses of which are steadily increasing, without being able to exact any corresponding increase in receipts. It is not merely that since the beginning of the parcels post they have been underpaid by the government for the carriage of the mails, and left almost defenceless against the demands of their employees for higher wages. What is even more serious from the point of view of the railroad manager is the extent to which the bonds are being fastened upon him. The Interstate Commerce Commission is seeking supervision over every phase and every detail of railroad management, and these increasing powers are being granted on the assumption that private management cannot be trusted to act in the public interest except under the influence of coercion. Neither does the increasing activity of the Interstate Commerce Commission protect the railroads from the equally or more disconcerting supervision of state commissions and legislatures.

The intelligent public opinion of the country is consequently faced by the question of deciding whether administrative supervision has succeeded in converting the railroads into public servants without injustice to the owners of railroad securities, and without any sacrifice of the advantages of private management. We do not see how this question can be answered in a manner favorable to existing policy and methods. The owners of the railroads are possessed by a profound conviction that they are being unwisely and unfairly treated, and that the end of the prevailing process of regulation will be a diminution in efficiency and a confiscation of property. Yet in spite of the comprehensive and drastic nature of the regulation, the railroads remain an object of public suspicion. The Interstate Commerce Commission is convinced that the unregulated phases of their management are still characterized by grave abuses. It can advance strong arguments in favor of increasing supervision so that its authority will comprehend the causes of accidents and the issue of securities. Regulation, so far from having diminished the amount of friction has perhaps increased it.

Railroad men feel sure that as properties the railroads are being bled white. But their grievances have not disarmed public opinion. It is unwilling to return to the railroads a freer hand and to acquiesce in an increase in rates or privileges, unless some assurance is obtained that the existing privileges and revenues are being properly used; continue to be uncovered. We are not able or willing to check the increasing tide of regulation. Yet we cannot accomplish by means of it what needs to be accomplished. The supervision, while it is succeeding in slowly improving the structure of railroad rates and in doing away with many abuses of management, is succeeding equally well in impairing the ability of the railroads to perform their positive and vital functions. The resulting situation combines many of the disadvantages of private and public ownership with very few of the advantages of either.

Is there any way of removing this friction and of converting the railroads into satisfactory public servants except by nationalizing them? The only sufficient excuse for the amount and kind of regulation which is being applied to the railroads is a radical divergence of interest between their proprietors and their customers. The owners of the property cannot apparently be trusted to manage it as an essentially public service. In so far as this excuse is justified, the private propertied interests should not be slowly emasculated, they should be paid off and dismissed. The country is plainly drifting towards public ownership without being sufficiently aware of the fact. It should realize the goal of its present behavior and frankly face the consequences. The nationalizing of the railroads has a chance of converting them into genuine agencies of the national economic interest, provided adequate preparations are made for the assumption of such an enormous responsibility; but unless the necessity of the course is clearly anticipated and adequate preparations are made, even the most confirmed advocate of public ownership would regard its adoption as an extremely doubtful adventure.

The New
REPUBLIC
Published Weekly

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT. ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTION FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER. APPLICATION FOR ENTRY AS SECOND CLASS MATTER AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK PENDING

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The Turkish Adventure

WHEN the Goeben and the Breslau slipped through the Straits of Messina and reached the Dardanelles, we in England were chagrined at the mischance which had permitted their escape. But none of us foresaw the coming drama. It has happened before that European belligerents have schemed to win the aid of Asiatic Powers. An adventurous emissary from the exiled Charles the Second journeyed to seek the help of the Shah of Persia and the Great Mogul against Cromwell and the Parliament. But these German fugitives came armed into the sanctuary, and the chances are that they have rather compelled than persuaded the Turks to intervene in the European War.

Turkey has not rushed without resistance into this adventure. It is true that from the earliest days of the war she began, as nearly all the neutrals did, to make her preparations. She mobilized her army and prohibited the export of grain—measures, both of them, which brought fresh miseries to her sorely tried peasantry. It is true also that there never was a doubt into which scale her scimitar would be cast if it should be drawn. She has no lost provinces to recover from Germany. Russia is the traditional enemy, and on the very eve of the war she had led the Powers in pressing for Armenian reforms. The Turks suspected, as usual, that this unnatural Russian interest in reform was the prelude to an aggressive wave, and then met it, as usual, by tactics of obstruction. British policy also had caused intense irritation by reason of Mr. Churchill's perfectly regular and justifiable action in taking over the two Turkish warships which were nearing completion on the Tyne. British diplomacy, moreover, is paying for its mistakes in the early stages of the Turkish revolution. It cold-shouldered the Young Turks, who might have been guided and influenced, and reserved its favors for the rather decrepit elder generation of Turkish statesmen. Our friends, when they have not died of old age, have all been murdered or exiled.

The Germans had an easy task to win the sympathies of the dominant faction in Turkey. It was, however, one thing to sympathize with Germany, to accept her subsidies, to welcome her officers, to receive her good ships as an addition to the Turkish fleet, but to stake the fate of Turkey on a German victory was quite another matter. The Turkish Cabinet as a whole has fought a long losing battle against Enver Bey and the war party. It has some sane and cautious members, and two of its Ministers are Christians, whose natural sympathies are with the Western Powers. It struggled hard against fate, drafted admirable rules for the observance of neutrality, and, lest the German officers should rush the army into war by some violent *coup de main*, it named the Heir Apparent generalissimo of its medan world. The Germans are testing at length land and sea forces. It did better. After all the loss and disturbance of mobilization, it had to show some positive result. It accordingly abolished the Capitulations by a stroke of the pen, reckoning that the diversions and preoccupations of the Great Powers would prevent any effective protest. This was a clever piece of statecraft, and the advocates of Turkish neutrality might well ask whether a costly and hazardous war could possibly win for Turkey any advantage comparable to the gain in prestige which would follow the snapping of these onerous and humiliating fetters.

But Turkish statesmen reckoned without the Goeben. Her commander was bent on involving his hosts in war. He has bombarded Russian ports, and the consequence is a demand from the Allies of the Entente for the expulsion of the German officers and crews from these nominally Turkish vessels. What answer could the unlucky Turks make? They had no naval force of their own which could disarm the Goeben. Her guns commanded their capital. They must either welcome her as an imperious auxiliary, or else admit the ships of the Allies to deal with her in their waters. They must, in short, take sides for or against the Germans. Neutrality had become the one impossible course. They have temporized, they have apologized, but they dare not dismiss the Germans. There are many ways by which a nation which desires peace may be manœuvred into war; but of all conceivable ways the adventure of the Goeben is at once the most romantic and the most haphazard.

It is for the moment in the interest of the Western Allies to manage Turkey and to minimize the conflict which has arisen. Turkey is the land of make-believe, and she lends herself readily to the easy informality of "a sort of war." There will certainly be what Mr. Gladstone used to call "warlike operations." Great Britain once expelled a Turkish army from Crete, and the French impounded the customs dues of Mytilene without formal war. The war, formal or informal, will not at this stage be pressed or extended further than the Turks themselves compel their opponents to extend it. Germany has been successful in making an embarrassing diversion, and her success began at the outset of the war. Turkey's armed neutrality cost the Allies in reality almost as much as her overt hostility. The Russians were obliged to keep in the Caucasus a large army which they required in Poland, and Great Britain was driven to send to Egypt a fine force of Territorials who might have done good service in France. It involves no new weakening of England's resources that these detached forces should now be obliged to fight.

The psychological interest lies rather in the possible effect of the new situation upon the Moham-

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side. But Islam does not readily mobilize on behalf of any Christian Power. The saner among the Turks realize that they are being used as the tools of a European intrigue. The Syrians and the Arabs have their own dreams of local independence, which a victory for the Allies might further. The Indian Moslems will occasion no anxiety. They have been for two decades the loyalist party in the British Empire, for they long ago came to the conclusion that British rule was their best guarantee, in view of the numerical preponderance and intellectual superiority of the Hindus. Of Egypt, indeed, England cannot feel too secure. The Khedive is hostile, but he happens to be absent in Constantinople. The Nationalists, however, have never recovered from the personal feuds which followed the death, five years ago, of their one leader of genius, Mustafa Kamel. The Egyptians have no tradition of spontaneous revolution, and they have done little in history without alien leadership.

There is, after all, no reason why Islam should rally to the Kaiser. He has indeed made speeches in which he proclaimed himself its protector. The tangible result has been disappointing. He abandoned his championship of Morocco in return for economic concessions and a slice of the French Congo. He acquiesced in Russian pretensions in North Persia, after the notorious Potsdam agreement, in return for an even smaller solatium—a bargain over the Bagdad and Persian railway systems. It is not exactly a chivalrous history, and the Allies need fear nothing so much as their own recent record in Morocco and Persia.

The main battle of Armageddon will be fought in Belgium and Poland, and the Turks can do comparatively little to affect its issue. The larger consequences, and they may be immense, of this Turkish intervention will be felt only when the settlement is reached. Russia, at all events, is probably well content with the prospect of settling the Eastern question once for all. The Turks have made their empire so much raw material for the diplomatists to carve and rearrange. This war, in short, is once more what it was in its Serbian origin, a struggle for the empire of the East. During the last ten years, while the Powers fought rather by counting their armaments than by using them, the stakes in the struggle for a Balance of Power in Europe were invariably extra-European. Who should exploit the iron ore of Morocco, who lay the rails to Bagdad, who mark off the areas of monopoly and concession in the vast field of China? The English all tried to believe that they were fighting in this war for some sacred aim—for the sanctity of treaties and the rights of nationalities. With the broadening of the conflict they are back once again among the more realistic issues of Imperialism. They are fighting now to maintain their hold upon Egypt, and to keep their position on the Persian Gulf, as the Germans are fighting for all the projects which center in the Bagdad Railway.

It is easy to prophesy the end of Turkey. For diction since I read the very convincing forecast of her imminent downfall which the ingenious Sir Paul Rycaut published in the reign of Charles the Second. But at the least there will be a carving out of spheres of economic influence. Should Germany win, Turkey will become a gigantic German field of exploitation, to be drilled, directed, and developed by German soldiers, German capital, and German brains. A victory for the Allies will mean as inevitably the demarcation of Russian, French, British and probably Italian spheres. We may conceivably see an Arabian Caliphate, a Russian Armenia, and even a Russian Constantinople; but these more picturesque consequences will hardly conceal the fundamental struggle for railways to build, ports to control, and plains to irrigate. While they battle round their devastated homes, thinking only of their violated hearths and their murdered neighbors, the peoples of Europe are in reality settling those concrete problems of power, those rivalries for economic opportunity, which underlay the armings and the bickerings of a decade of illusive peace.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

August Forel

Men are only interested in a man when that man is interested in humanity.—*George Sand.*

ON an October day, through a gold and scarlet Switzerland, I traveled down to Yvorne, the village to which August Forel has withdrawn in his declining years. In the railway stations from Zurich to Lausanne the magazine-stands and news-carts displayed a new edition of Forel's book on "The Sexual Question," a popular and abbreviated form prepared by the democratic author and costing but two marks eighty pfennigs. At seventy cents a copy, even the workingman could own it. A Forel for the masses, thought I. Is this the millennium?

At sunset the train skimmed the northern end of Lake Geneva and entered the Rhone Valley in the twilight. The village of Aigle, where I was to spend the night, lay at the foot of the great, imperturable Dent du Midi, that zigzag Alpine height of black granite and snow which scorns the influence of seasons. Overnight the moon came out, and the snow-crags blazed more whitely by night than by day. Aigle and, a little above it on the hillside, Yvorne, lay in the heart of a region of immensities, the meeting-place of snow and sun, of mountain and lake, a landscape in which only a dauntless spirit could be truly at home. It was a unique introduction to August Forel, in whom one so acutely senses the quality of human intrepidity.

From Zurich I had corresponded with Dr. Forel, and it was his generous suggestion that I should come to him for help, and use his library for my studies. All that I had to do now was to send a telegram announcing my arrival, which I did the next morning, and to wait at the hotel for a reply.

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after nine there was a knock at the door, and the maid appeared ushering a tall, white-haired, white-bearded old man with extraordinarily young brown eyes. The maid was swept impulsively aside and the professor entered the room with a flood of French which, at a gesture of despair from myself, was promptly changed into German of the same overwhelming tempo.

He was on his way to the train, having unfortunately an appointment in Lausanne that morning, a thrice "verdammtes" circumstance which I was asked to pardon. In the meantime, if I would go at once to La Fourmilière, Madame Forel asked me to lunch, to dinner, to spend the night, to move up my bags at once, to stay at La Fourmilière so long as I should be in Aigle. Fraülein S—, his secretary, would show me his books. He would send her a hurried note of suggestions if I would be so good as to write at his dictation. It was again a thrice "verdammtes" circumstance, but he must ask for a little help—

Somewhat dazed by the swiftness of all this, I had seized my fountain-pen and begun to write at his dictation before I realized the poignant meaning of his request. The right hand of the great Forel hung helpless at his side, wounded by the same pitiless dart which struck and maimed in his latter years that other great stoic and lover of humanity and friend of women, George Meredith. Truly, as Forel himself remarked later in speaking of the cruelties and rapacities of the animal world, "The good God must have a great deal on his conscience."

Less than a mile above Aigle, on a southerly slope, stands La Fourmilière, Forel's home. A post-road runs in front of the house, and beyond the post-road a sunny garden slopes towards the Rhone. Every day at eleven o'clock a yellow post-cart from some remote mountain village passes the house, leaving a little cloud of dust and the genial tinkle of harness bells on the air. Daily at about two o'clock the so-called Rhone-wind sweeps down the valley on its way to the open lake. In the garden are two little houses, not unlike in shape though quite different in size. The one is the beehive of Mademoiselle Inez, who assists her father in his entomological work. The other is a small stone edifice destined to contain the ashes of this free-thinking family.

My first impression of La Fourmilière was that it was a haven of peace and contemplation, a "Jenseits von Gut und Boese," an ideal retreat for a retired soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity. But I had not been many hours in the house before I realized that most of the losses and victories in the world outside pulsated in the quiet library on the Rhone. From the most diverse quarters messages ran in to Yvorne, and calls for aid. In a remote Russian town a Jew by the name of Mendel Beiliss was on trial for his life on a charge of "ritual murder." Professor Forel was appealed to as a psychiatrist to help in the campaign against ignorance and superstition. In the Swiss [illegible] their positions threatened by a reactionary school committee and appealed to Forel; it was no doubt partly due to his influence that they won their cases in the final court of appeal in Switzerland, the referendum. In our own country, in the State of Maine, when the alcohol interests opposed the prohibition law it was Professor Forel who was appealed to as the leading European authority on the biological consequences of alcohol, to help perpetuate the existing law. Such claims are constantly made on his time and energy, and the stricken savant of Yvorne never fails to give response.

The word which is oftenest on Forel's lips is "organization." Though he is not identified with the political socialism of the continent, which he criticizes for its one-sided "stomach philosophy," he declares unreservedly that humanity can only be saved by socialism. Salvation through organization was the theme of a long twilight conversation in the library. The professor's invariable blue gingham shirt and loose black tie, which only the Frenchman can wear without seeming Bohemian, his vivid phrasing and vigorous expletives, gave him, despite infirmity and gray hair, the illusion of youth.

"Man is the most terrible beast of prey in the world," he said to me. "All his instincts are predatory. One need only look at the subjection of women, the institution of human slavery, and now at the crushing power of capital. Only by the growing habit of association, organization, can this primal zest to destroy be overcome.

"I am an old man, and I can not say it too strongly—we talk too much. We intellectuals like to pay a couple of marks to a society and listen to sermons which can be re-preached to others. What we should do is to organize. I blame my fellow unbelievers because they refuse to learn from the church-spire politicians. The great need for progress is of people who are willing to work in silence. The forces of exploitation rule the world while the forces of liberation waste their time matching theories. Chatterers! *Schwaetzer!*"

There is one book which is to Forel a kind of Bible. It is a work by Richard Semon which deals with the origin of human instincts. After referring to this book several times, he finally took it from the desk and put it in my hands, open at the title-page, which read, "Die Mneme als erhaltendes Prinzip im Wechsel des organischen Lebens:" "The Mneme as a Conserving Principle in the Evolution of Organic Life."

He regarded me dubiously. "It is very difficult reading. I must myself work very hard to understand it." This sounded like permission to run out in the garden and play, so far as Semon's "Mneme" was concerned, and I must confess that I have continued to avail myself of his indulgence. But however difficult the abstractions of Semon may be, the rational system of ethics which Forel has built upon them is neither abstract nor difficult. He has proved his theories in the education of his own children and in the re-education of peasants, abandoned

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upon their feet again. These triumphs, of course, are local. But to those who have already reached him through his work, so handicapped by official embargo in America, they are touching triumphs, and give a personal gratification.

The secret of Forel's power as an ethical teacher is not alone that some system of applied evolution has come to be the only form of ethics relevant to modern life. It is to be found in his own life history. With Forel the word and the deed are one. All his acts express himself. The higher sexual ethics which he advocates for men he has practiced in his own life. Married at thirty-five, "Bis meine Heirat hatte ich noch nie ein Weib angeruehrt," he expressed it. In the matter of alcohol, again, one cannot recommend abstinence to the working classes and society without being able to say, "Ich bin dabei:"—"I am with you." The free-thinker's philosophy which has inspired his writings and guided his life is for him not only good enough to live by but good enough to die by. Though Nature has at last got him with his back to the wall, he will still learn from her and from her only.

Perhaps the greatest victory of his militant life is that his ideas on the rational education of children have not been confuted by his own family. His sons have not revolted from his teachings; his daughters have not regressed from the sense of personal responsibility and accepted the easy assurances of orthodoxy. As a father, Forel has not, as Rousseau did, preached a rational education for children and consigned his own to the keeping of others. He has not failed, as Tolstoi failed in his tragic and lonely old age, to convince those who are nearest to him. Even his familiars believe in him, because he has that most rare form of human genius, the genius of consistency.

KATHARINE ANTHONY.

Frontiers of Cooperation

NEVER was it so clear as now that we are facing a new world. Hardly had the inventor's cunning shortened and speeded up a thousand trade routes, closing up the spaces which divide one people from another; hardly had the ingenuities of modern banking and credit gathered the nations into a common fold where the spoiling of one became the spoiling of all, when the war terrors were loosened as if to teach us the meaning of a new race solidarity.

Side by side with these binding processes, and, strangely enough, side by side with a vulturous growth of militarism, had come the new forms of social and legislative amelioration which mark what is best in our time. In leading countries, organized primarily for healing, for prevention, for the saving and enriching of the common life, this new "health-tissue" was the most precious and the most hopeful of human achievements. Nothing separated us more sharply from the older world than these new solicitudes to save life rather than to maim it and devitalize it.

At the top of these latest betterments is the humanized insurance, softening the blows of misfortune as they fall with fatal rhythm on millions of the more defenceless. Inspired in Germany within the present generation and passing rapidly to other countries, it had already created hundreds of sanitary and educational centers which are now the models of life-saving in the world.

Beginning upon the sea, the principle of insurance spread from one accident to another: fire, pests, storms, burglary, and, finally, to cover an ever-increasing group of averaged misfortunes—sickness, injuries, invalidity, old age and unemployment. And now comes Professor Royce with luminous anticipation to apply the principle to the greatest of all accidents—war.

When the ruffianism of the present military orgy has spent itself and men look into the depths of desolation which it leaves behind, nothing will cause more wondering pity than the crippling effects of war upon these last best growths of man's intelligence and good-will. These new social policies had really set themselves the task of lessening at their source some of the more grotesque of our human inequalities. Until the fires broke through the thin crust of "civilization," we had come to hope that after two or three decades we might speak that word without a tongue in the cheek. There is no sound instinct in the race that did not feel the insult of burning Louvain and the shuddering shrine at Rheims, but it is the safest understatement that the damage which this war inflicts upon these fragile beginnings in constructive social welfare is incomparably more to be regretted. Intimately akin to these new standards of health, opportunity and security for the weak, cooperation is to suffer with the rest. These two movements were the fairest of all fields for democratic enlargement. In both, no upward step was possible without knitting the members of every social section into a common fellowship for benefits that no clique can corner.

As the present war has torn off the last shred of confidence in the competence of big armaments and secret diplomacies, so in industry and in social reconstruction the pitiful inadequacy of autocratic methods and secrecy of control is too evident for further discussion. Where, then, are we to look for the teaching, the discipline and ordered experience to help us through and over these stages between the veiled diplomatic and industrial absolutisms and genuine self-government among peoples?

And general habit of self-direction among the masses of men will never be politically or academically achieved. Mass-habits are not thus formed. The education necessary to this end must be carried into the main work of life. Fo

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in general these habits will be won by the free acceptance of industrial risk and economic responsibility by the whole body of those who do the world's work in creating and distributing wealth. It must be our first thought about cooperation that it is a part of something larger than itself. It is already a fellow worker with the growing state and municipal activities.

Nor are we to think of Cooperation as separable from the new "social politics." Cooperators are already voluntarily putting in practice many of its provisions, such as dealing with unemployment, the minimum wage and insurance. Neither are we to think, as did its dreaming pioneers, that cooperation is to have the whole field to itself. There has been a mischievous illusion that its special mastery was to be complete. It has its own splendid promise without any fanciful claims. Until struck by war, its growth was as astonishing as anything in the history of modern industry. It was already doing a yearly business of more than two thousand millions of dollars. And it was doing it at the same time that it was schooling its millions of members in the highest of all arts—self-government. Apart from formulas and mere agitation, "industrial cooperation" has become the most democratic thing in the world. As a great movement, like the new social legislation, it has won its place in the last generation. I say the "most democratic" because it has once for all proved that democracy is possible on the economic field; or, more accurately, on large portions of that field. "Democracy" is easy as lying, in a document or on the platform, but in the production and exchange of wealth it is so supremely difficult that many wise men have pronounced it impossible. Yet in more than one hundred thousand successful associations—in insurance, purchasing and selling groups, credit and banking, production and distribution—cooperation has begun its highest task of training for applied democracy by carrying its equalities into the very structure and function of business dealings among men.

Like parrots, men keep on repeating, "Oh, cooperation does good work in distribution, but in production it fails." This is an error. In its own self-created market "cooperative production" has won the most brilliant successes. It is this feature, indeed, which showed in later years some of the most amazing growths. One of the ablest of London weeklies just reports the last Cooperative Congress in these words:

"The International Cooperative Alliance, which has been holding its ninth congress this week at Glasgow, has silently grown into the most gigantic of all our non-official world federations. Its twenty-four national units now include something like 130,000 separate cooperative societies, having no fewer than twenty millions of (family) members, representing three or four times that number of persons. . . . The essential feature of the world-wide cooperative movement has become the control of is to say, of the capitalist *entrepreneur*—and the democratic organization of all branches of production and distribution directly by collectivities of citizen-consumers. In every country it is this cooperation by associations of consumers, engaging in almost every kind of productive industry, which has, during the past twenty years, been increasing by leaps and bounds."

In respect to productive cooperation, it adds: "As a matter of fact, the cooperators' success has been even more remarkable in production than in distribution. The cooperative movement runs five of the largest of our flour mills; it has, amongst others, the very largest of our boot factories; it makes cotton cloth and woolens, and all sorts of clothing; it has even a corset factory of its own; it turns out huge quantities of soap; it makes every article of household furniture; it produces cocoa and confectionery; it grows its own fruit and makes its own jams; it has one of the largest tobacco factories, and so on."

For sixty years objectors have set every sort of theoretic frontier that was to call a halt upon the movement. At first "only the English workingman had the genius for it." "It must be confined to small local trading." It could never hope to do banking or manufacturing or take the risks of insurance. In no case could it reach any considerable part of a nation's business.

These solemn incredulities now appear humorous. Within less than thirty years Denmark has become a cooperative nation. Germany is sown thick with thirty thousand societies. In at least twenty nationalities cooperation has struck such root that it can no more be stopped than popular education. The first failures in Italy were said to prove that "cooperation did not suit the Italian character." Its growth there in the last eighteen years has been in many ways more fascinating than the story of the airship. Small farmers cooperatively manufacture their own fertilizers. They run cooperative banks, farms and market gardens. The commonest sort of labor hires engineers, buys material, and pays its own bills from its own cooperative banks. It paves streets, dredges lands, builds all manner of structures, even to the Reggio-Emilia railroad. This work now runs yearly into many hundreds of millions of *lire*. The government and cities are organically committed to a working partnership with these cooperators.

James Bryce says that Switzerland has the best government among men. One in ten of its population takes part in cooperative ventures. An English visiting committee found Hungary "full of surprises," but "most of all was that of her vigorous new cooperative life." Even Austria is dotted over with these little democracies, and when the fatal note was sent to Servia, cooperators were just ready to enter, according to their report, "one of the largest boot manufactories in Europe," of their own building and of their own financing.

The whole movement was just entering into the

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the "International" has appeared with its twenty-four "Wholesales" scattered about Europe. They were cutting out brokers, jobbers, middlemen, by doing the work with closer economies for themselves and for the consumers. There are now oversea plantations. Factories are owned from Denmark to New South Wales. There are five of these Wholesales with an annual business of over two hundred millions of dollars. Already, in a new spirit, the United States has begun to take its part in this world change. It is a change toward that democratizing of industry which alone holds the promise of freeing us at last from the proved inefficiencies of autocratic social methods, as well as from secrecy which is itself the mother of privilege. JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS.

The Lost Balance in Eastern Asia

THE surrender of Tsingtau is significant, not because of its possible effect on the grand strategy of the war, which is negligible, but because it would seem to terminate a period characterized by the balance of power in China, and to mark the beginning of Japan's Far-Eastern supremacy.

Ever since Germany in 1897 seized Kiaochau Bay and the adjacent territory, China has been alternately battered and protected by international rivalries. The establishment of the German base in Shantung was immediately followed by the Russian occupation of Port Arthur, from which Japan had been forced by Russian, French and German pressure after the China-Japanese War. France then seized Kwangchouwan and Great Britain Weihaiwei, and it seemed for a time that China might be partitioned in the scramble for concessions which followed. The Powers, however, while aggressively staking out their claims in China, did not apparently deem the extension of their influence in this region important enough to justify a clash which might precipitate a European war. Rival interests were balanced at China's expense; and the open door policy enunciated by Secretary Hay in 1898-9 was welcomed as a convenient formula calculated to preserve the *status quo* until such time as it might be possible or profitable to disregard it.

Great Britain, France, Russia and Germany have been forced to bear the burden of world-wide responsibilities. Japan, confining her endeavor to the establishment of political supremacy in eastern Asia, has been enabled to take advantage of each move in the game of world-empire in which the other Powers have been engaged, and her position in the East has become increasingly formidable as British, French and Russian strength has been concentrated in Europe to meet the menace of Pan-Germanism.

Up to the time of the Boer war, British diplomacy was concerned chiefly with Russian designs on India and Constantinople, and with French ambitions in northern Africa and Siam. Relations with Berlin were cordial, for the Triple Alliance served to prevent Paris and St. Petersburg from embarking on plans inimical to British interests. The Kaiser's famous telegram to President awakened Great Britain to the fact that Germany was determined to find "a place in the sun." To relieve pressure from her Polish frontier and to divert attention from her own designs in the Balkans, Berlin encouraged Russia in her Manchurian adventure. Great Britain countered with the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. This relieved British responsibilities in Asia, and enabled Japan not only to challenge Russia, but to establish herself in Korea and to regain the control in southern Manchuria which she had been forced to surrender ten years before.

Russia was disorganized by her defeat and by the revolution which followed. This prompted Austria, in the autumn of 1908, with active German support, to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina. Russia was confronted by the necessity of safeguarding her position in the Balkans against further Teutonic aggression, and at the same time of preserving her interests in northern Manchuria and Mongolia, which she felt were threatened by the proposal to neutralize Manchurian railways advanced by Secretary Knox late in 1909. Russia, therefore, welcomed Japan's overtures to make common cause in preventing any reaffirmation of China's sovereignty in the regions where they were determined to retain their ascendancy. With a delicately suggestive humor, M. Iswolsky and Baron Motono signed an agreement on the Fourth of July, 1910; and Russia, her position in the Far East secure, proceeded with renewed vigor to bestir herself amongst the chancelleries of Europe.

In spite of increasing friction between England and France on the one hand, and Germany on the other, in northern Africa and the Near East, British and German bankers had been cooperating with French financial interests for railway construction in China. This combination was augmented in 1910 by the inclusion of the American banking group, and this so-called Quadruple Syndicate in 1911 contracted with the Chinese government to issue a loan for currency reform in China and for certain developments in Manchuria.

The plan was opposed by Japan and Russia, who feared that the creation of an international investment might weaken their position in Manchuria. The British, German and American gov-

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cept the complete exclusion of their enterprise from this region. But the crisis brought on by the arrival of the Panther at Agadir in July, 1911, made it imperative for Great Britain to sacrifice all lesser considerations for the sake of assuring the solidarity of the Triple Entente in Europe, while the outbreak of the Chinese revolution in the following October necessitated the subordination of international differences at Peking to the effort to obtain joint action by the Powers, and thus to prevent aggressive action by any one nation at China's expense.

For almost the first time the Russian and Japanese Ministers cooperated with their British, French, German and American colleagues. China had entered upon negotiations with the Quadruple Syndicate to secure the funds required to establish the republic and to restore normal conditions throughout the country, when, at the instance of the British, French, German and American governments, it was arranged that Russian and Japanese bankers should join with the so-called Four Groups in financing the reorganization of the Chinese government.

Negotiations for this loan were still in progress when war broke out in the Balkans. The issue between the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance was now clearly drawn in China. Great Britain and Japan joined France in supporting the demands made by Russia in connection with the "Six Power" loan agreement, and Germany, powerless to oppose her rivals, exacted similar concessions from the Peking government. Deprived of the support of the Administration at Washington, the American bankers withdrew from the field. International cooperation was continued, but the situation was thenceforth practically dominated by Russia and Japan.

Russia is now concentrating her efforts in Europe, and, save for the presence of a few British troops at Tsingtau, Japan represents not only her own interests but the interests of the Allies in the Far East. The United States has, it is true, an understanding with Japan regarding the preservation of the Open Door in China, but the United States is a benevolent guide, philosopher and friend, and no longer a practical political factor. China's integrity had been preserved, in so far as it may be said to have been preserved, for the last twenty years by the delicate balance between rival Powers. That balance is no more.

Germany's occupation of Tsingtau in 1897 precipitated the international scramble for spheres of influence in China. To check Germany's ambitions for world-empire a diplomatic mesh has been created—the Franco-Russian and the Anglo-Japanese alliances, the Anglo-French, the Anglo-Russian, the Franco-Japanese, and the Russo-Japanese understandings. These may bring victory to the Allies in Europe. They would seem, with the elimination of Germany to have conferred upon Japan

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to-succeed must asert itself in a badly paid prose-

Brieux

HENRY JAMES has said of George Sand that she "is too inveterately moral, too preoccupied with that need to do good which is in art often the enemy of doing well." This enmity has divided the will of many literary artists. It has never cost Brieux a moment's uneasiness. There has been no conflict in his soul between his message and his art. Brieux the dramatist thinks he has done well enough when Brieux the moralist has done good by making himself heard. The difficulties of making one's self heard on the stage, of making a thousand men and women sit still and listen and understand, of making them feel and judge for the moment as the dramatist judges and feels, these difficulties are so enormous that victory over them is apt to satisfy the victor.

That it has satisfied Brieux is a sign of his earnestness as a preacher and of his deficiency in specialized ambition. His is an abundant natural talent for writing scenes. He can make us swallow without wincing large doses of information. By putting quite commonplace sentences into the mouths of just the right person at just the right moment he can charge them with ultra-significance. His men and women, whenever he will have it so, open their mouths and characterize themselves without talking about themselves. Never do the playwright's words keep us from hearing what his characters have to say. These are all tokens of genuine vocation. A man with such an equipment would have wasted part of his talent had he chosen to set up his pulpit anywhere except on the stage.

Brieux's preaching has found its texts in the conditions, predicaments, customs and bad habits which lie apparent on the surface of French life, and a little below the surface. They have inspired him with generous indignation and generous pity, convinced him of the need of immediate change, reform, social betterment. Believing that the dramatist can talk louder and be heard farther and sooner than any other preacher, Brieux took to the stage, and no living Frenchman has done more toward turning this belief into fact. Although he talks very loud he is too robust to let his voice grow shrill or feverish. His speciality is pity without tears, homespun indignation. In our time there has been no robuster distributor of pity. He has pitied the victims of overconfident medical dogmatizers, he has pitied men and women unjustly accused and haled into court, girls without dowry, wet nurses divided from their babies, persons afflicted with syphilis, the slaves of "collage," women who struggle to earn their own living.

It is through other human beings, never through monsters, that the world brings its everyday injustice to bear on these victims. Brieux understands the average man's temptations, understands how being a doctor may turn an average egotist into a dangerous maleficent egotist, how the will-

may be coarsened and hardened, how easily it may become a resolve to obtain convictions at the expense of justice. In the world of functionaries, petty bureaucrats, physicians, small shopkeepers, much injustice is done, many wills are perverted. The immediate causes of this perversion vary from case to case. The remoter causes are usually economic. To be richer than you are, and with this end in view to appear richer than you are—through the operation of such motives the poor are injured by the not quite so poor.

Of course Brieux aims at effect. So does every preacher. The only pertinent question as to any preacher is what he sacrifices, and for the sake of what effect. Brieux sacrifices nothing that he cares about. He paints with heavy, emphatic strokes a world of thick outlines and gross colors, but he paints what he sees. His aim is practical. His plays are a series of up-to-date journalistic acts. By his up-to-date interest in the struggle of the poor to keep alive, in the struggle of the not quite so poor for a little more freedom from worry, by his up-to-date determination to better the plight of unmarried mothers, and to expose the conspiracy of syphilis and silence, he has partially satisfied his urgent need to do good.

How can it be said of a dramatist whose plays are contagiously concerned with the simple human troubles and emotions, and not alone with the circumstance of special occupations, that his need to do good has been the enemy of doing well? How can it matter that his scenes are better than his plays, if throughout his plays he has kept us convinced of the probity of his talent, the good faith of his theatrical effectiveness, the highminded sobriety of his muckraking?

The answer to such questions can only be an assertion that in Brieux's case indifference to doing well has actually thwarted his desire to do good. The dramatist's indifference to form has kept the preacher from delivering his message with the maximum intensity. People who should know better have coupled his name with Ibsen's, and although Brieux can be seen reduced to his own size without such a comparison, the comparison is useful as a short cut. In the last act of "Les Avariés" an attempt is made to tell the truth about syphilis, first by a series of instances, by surveying a wide field, fact after fact, and then by generalizing from the facts given. In "Ghosts" Ibsen does not generalize about the disease which crushed Oswald Alving. He trusts his intensity of vision, relies on his power to burn the particular instance so deeply into our memories that we shall do the generalizing and keep at it, long after we have left the theatre. There can be no question as to which method enables the dramatist to say his say with the greater energy.

Brieux has taken from real life subjects and episodes which the stage did not know, and has made them known on the stage. In doing this he has done younger playwrights a substantial service. He has made future audiences familiar with the raw material which [illegible] that war [illegible] ion into works more thoroughly prepared for the stage. But Brieux himself, in transferring so much new material to the stage, has left this material almost raw. He has not chosen, after rejections and avoidances, the parts which would make his play ring with its own meaning. He has not organized such parts as he does choose. Life as it happens is so nearly good enough for him that many of his plays sound like first or second drafts. The last reworking, the touches and tightenings that enable a play to express the meaning of its material with the special intensity of the theater—these are lacking.

Brieux's scattering fire, his habit of jumping our interest from one character to another, never leave us in doubt whether these things did actually happen to these characters, but they do keep him from persuading us that these things happened to our very selves. Even the mere teaching of a play is most unforgettable when the play affects us as an enlargement of our personal experience. We learn by living and we cannot live statistics. It is literally true that his honest, loud, useful message, heard immediately and carrying far, would have a better chance of being long listened to if he had cared more for his medium.

Is there not, in our willingness to call him a preacher, both gratitude for his message and eagerness to excuse his aesthetic failure? And to what, after all, is this most serious dramatist's aesthetic failure due if not to a deficiency in the right kind of seriousness? John Millington Synge has said, in the preface to "The Tinker's Wedding," that drama is made serious, in the finer French sense, not by concerning itself with subjects that are important in themselves, but by the degree in which it gives us the food, not easy to define, upon which imagination lives. In this sense Brieux is not serious at all.

Norman Angellism Applied

IN almost any circle one may hear wiseacres pompously propound: "This war is the complete refutation of Norman Angellism." And however intelligent the circle may otherwise be, the statement is likely to pass unchallenged. One recalls that among the peacemakers were men who said that no great war could ever be fought again; men who urged that under modern weapons armies would quickly melt away; men who urged national disarmament, peace at any price. Norman Angell's place among the peacemakers is vague in our memories, and we are inclined to credit him with a share in such teachings, now proven futile or pernicious. If we reexamine his writings, we shall, however, find that current events in Europe, far from refuting his views, have in very important respects confirmed them.

Norman Angell is not one of those who teach that war is obsolete. Indeed, he appears rather

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cur as long as the present philosophy of international relations retains its hold. He has not urged that one nation should disarm while others continue to prepare for war. What he teaches is that under existing conditions no nation can gain from a war. The annexation of adjacent territory, so often regarded as one of the solidest gains from military adventure, benefits the conquering nation not a whit.

With this view the Powers at war in Europe appear to be in accord. Austria announced at the outset that she did not seek to acquire territory in the Balkans. She may or may not have been sincere, but she must certainly have realized that she already had Serbs enough within her boundaries. Germany was ready to engage herself to annex no French territory and to restore Belgium to her original status if England would keep out. There is every reason for thinking that Germany was sincere in this proposal; she can scarcely have hungered after additional French subjects. Russia proposes to create an autonomous Poland out of such territories as she may wrest from Germany and Austria, and add thereto a large section of her own superfluous Poles. And nobody, not even the bitterest enemy of Germany, desires to appropriate a slice of real German territory, full of Germans.

Norman Angell holds that, owing to the interlacing of financial relations, a war must be disastrous to both victor and vanquished. We all know that the commerce and industry of the belligerent European states are suffering under a state of disorder compared with which the worst commercial crises are almost negligible. England may pick up certain odds and ends of German trade in the remote regions of the globe, but her flourishing trade with Germany is utterly destroyed; moreover, high insurance rates and shortage of shipping handicap her industry. As for Germany, even if she should be completely victorious, it would take years to restore her industry and trade to the condition they were in before the war.

Colonial dominion, according to Mr. Angell, is not worth fighting over. What do current events prove as to the value of colonies as a military resource? France has brought to the field a few thousand Turcos; England, a few thousand Hindoos. Their value appears to be chiefly sentimental. And if the same thing is not true of the military resources of the self-governing colonies of England it is to be borne in mind that these are rather allied nations, giving aid freely, than possessions rendering support under compulsion. If conquered by Germany they would become, not a resource in time of war, but an added danger.

But if the Crown colonies were to be annexed by Germany, could she not monopolize their trade? Mr. Angell points out that it has not paid Eng- [illegible] Germany. [illegible] ingly, it would hardly be profitable for Germany to do so.

It is asserted by Mr. Angell that the alleged moral value of war is an illusion; that the manly virtues are nurtured in peace as well as in war. Of the men now fighting in Europe, scarcely any had been under fire before. Yet in the attack upon Liège the German troops appear to have stood punishment such as the veterans of Napoleon might barely have endured. The Belgians, too, though wholly without experience in war, and without the traditions of a great military nation, acquitted themselves in a way to win universal praise. In the three months in which the two lines have confronted each other in France, there has been scarcely any evidence of general panic on either side, even though bodies of men have again and again been forced to fight against appalling odds. It will not be written in future histories that forty years of peace destroyed the virility of European men.

Superiority in the arts of peace, according to Mr. Angell, is the basis of superiority in the art of war. Thus far the most magnificent episode of the war was the resistless sweep of the German army through Belgium and France toward Paris. And this was a triumph of the German organization of transport, a work made possible by German technical and business training. The reduction of Liège, Namur and Antwerp was the result of German technique rather than of German martial spirit. The most warlike nation of the old world, Turkey, has entered the fray, and still the nations do not tremble. The fighting arts of Turkey count for little because of her weakness in the arts of peace.

The benefits of war, Norman Angell urges, are all illusory. War is possible because the thoughts of men are filled with the vague concepts of an obsolete statecraft. Does not the present war marvelously support this contention? Russia and Austria, we are told, had conflicting interests in the Balkans. One or the other, it does not greatly matter which, pushed its interests too far, and now Germans and French and English are killing one another by tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of innocent persons are homeless and in danger of starvation. What were those interests in the Balkans, and what were they worth in hard cash? If the Austrian and Russian statesmen had reduced the loose term, "vital interests," to intelligible expression, they would scarcely have had the hardihood to lay waste one mud-village in the Balkans. Under the smudge of their vague diplomatic speech, they could set fire to European civilization with safety.

"The development of . . . the oversea traffic growing ever greater under the protection of the German navy has brought the foreign market within easier reach." So writes von Bülow, in "Imperial Germany." The oversea traffic never

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much protection is it now getting? Norman Angellism would place a taboo upon such question-begging and meaningless talk. If German goods found their way to foreign markets, if German ships won a large share of the world's carrying trade, it was because of German efficiency in the arts of peace, and because German exporters and shipbuilders supposed that their statesmen would avert a war with England. It is a habit of military men to impute to themselves as large a share as possible of the fruits of civil progress. It is a vice of statesmen that they adopt this view uncritically, and by the weight of their personalities induce the general public to accept it.

It may be urged that there are some wars—punitive expeditions against predatory tribes, wars restoring order in anarchic states—that do show gains to the conquering nation. This view Mr. Angell does not controvert. But the war problem of to-day is not one of "native wars." It is based upon a supposed conflict in the vital interests of the great Powers; and this conflict of interests resolves itself, under Mr. Angell's analysis, into a pure illusion.

So it is, no doubt; and would that this were the end of it. But so long as my neighbor cherishes the illusion that I am going to attack him, I'd better go armed. And in case of doubt, I'd better shoot. In so far as this is a fair analogy with the international situation, there is ground for Norman Angell's faith that universal peace may be brought about by a revolution in ideas concerning national advantage, an acceptance by all peoples of the view that gains by war are illusory gains.

But the analogy is not perfect, for the reason that the policy of nations often expresses not the interest of the whole people, but that of a class. It is not the millions that make wars, but a small minority. A few score, at most, knew on July first that the end of the month would usher in one of the greatest wars of history. Not more than a few hundreds shared in the deliberations that resulted in its outbreak. If the gain of war is an illusion for the masses of mankind, it may not be an illusion for the few who bring wars to pass. It was for illusory ends that most of the Russians and Japanese died at Liao Yang and Mukden. But to Alexeieff and his fellow promoters the timber concessions on the Yalu were not an illusion. The Cape-to-Cairo road is no illusion to its promoters, nor the Anatolian and Bagdad railways to theirs. And if it happen that such interests weigh heavily in diplomatic and governmental circles, how much trust shall we place in the sufficiency of Mr. Angell's flawless intellectual appeal?

A revolution in ideas, a readjustment of the values governing international policy, are indeed indispensable if we are to make progress in the direction of world peace. But we need something more: a means of removing the problems of colonial exploitation from the chancelleries of the national states. So long as the backward nations are administered competitively by the several states, so long will the war illusion retain its hold upon the minds of men. ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

The Land of Sunday Afternoon

WHENEVER I enter an art museum, for the first five minutes I see only brown gnomes writhing with the torment of endless confinement, ghosts waving milk-white arms forlornly in a prison. After I recognize them once again as bronzes and marbles I wander to the picture galleries. There I seem to be visiting a stud farm, canvasses instead of horses standing in patient rows. All that seems lacking on the brass tag, Whistler 1834-1903, is the addition, "By Velasquez out of Hokusai." One can only realize that painters breed painters and that pictures accumulate. Rooms are crammed with paintings until they become a kaleidoscope, cases are crowded with objects until the mere process of attention becomes an agony of effort. When a visitor finally succeeds in isolating an object he is too worn out to be able to delight in it. Elation is no longer possible. I go to an American museum as a painter, knowing what I wish to see and already familiar with better examples elsewhere, and I come away invariably depressed with the realization that the only goal of art is a spacious and dreary asylum where shelter is piously accorded equally depressed. For in an art museum beauty sleeps in a land where it is always Sunday afternoon.

This practice of unending accumulation, which displays everything and reveals nothing, is the direct result of a policy of mere acquisition, seemingly the only policy our museums are able to conceive. The modern collector hoards what he usually has neither the time to see nor the space to house. On his death the museum, in the role of a benevolent Fafner, provides an appropriate cave in which successive Niebelungen hoards recovered from a disintegrating past are accumulated in exactly the piles in which they were originally heaped. Even Alberich set to work hammering and reforging. But our museum directors seem content to remain nothing more than collectors of collectors. Now, when you have transferred a private collection to a museum you have done nothing more than if you had brought a hermit's pot of gold to the vault of a bank. If it can only remain there as a symbol of wealth it might as well have remained in its secret cellar. The whole problem is how to set it to work,

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collections, which are only public hoarding, are a social blunder.

By way of continuing it, a monument of accumulation like the Morgan collection, is accorded thirteen galleries because the bulk of it contains so many precious examples of epochs when ornament became little more than ornamentation and which as influences were pernicious; the Augsburg and Nurnberg cups which helped to create the "gingerbread" style of German ornament, until fifteen years ago a fungus-blight on the whole nation; Gobelin tapestries that have consecrated the foolish attempt to make weaving imitate oil painting; Louis XV and XVI furniture that for two centuries made gilt and convolution our notion of grace and elegance; Dresden china mannikins and shepherdesses which until yesterday afflicted our mantels—in short, the historic models of most wedding presents. But even if the collection contained only its great beauties, the English and Flemish tapestries, the Italian majolica, certain of the Roman and Renaissance bronzes, the Byzantine and Limoges enamels, there is still ten times too much of it, as there is ten times too much of everything in any museum to be experienced.

"It may well be doubted," says the Museum's special catalogue, "whether even Mr. Morgan realized what a bewildering abundance of objects he had accumulated or what a display they were capable of making." I wandered in this bewildering abundance past hundreds of miniatures, I peered into cases displaying thirty-one "Chelsea wear" snuff-boxes, fifty-six enamelled snuff-boxes, eleven enamelled umbrella handles, four bishop's crooks, fourteen reliquaries. And when I reached the bowls and ewers of Limousin and Curtois, I recognized dully that they were as miraculously beautiful as Greek vases. I had become inevitably as listless as any shopper in a huge showroom where nothing is for sale.

You make a crowd, says Degas, with five people, not with twenty. Similarly you make a museum with fifty masterpieces, not with five hundred. If it is a misdemeanor to crowd five Italians into a tenement bedroom, it is criminal to crowd five great works of art into a space where not one can truly live. If a school-child must have twenty-five cubic feet of air in order to breathe, a masterpiece needs a hundred in order to be seen. The relation of a museum to the objects that compose it is precisely the same as the relation of any artist to the objects he composes. Only ruthless elimination can produce design. The attempt to substitute repetition for selection has given us the modern museum, which records everything and expresses nothing.

There should be a new commandment for museum directors, "When you have enough to fill thirteen galleries, expose as little as you can place in three rooms." For the business of a museum is not to store the past but to restore it, to restore to the scattered fragments of a dismembered age their meaning by restoring their original function, to make them live as they originally lived, part of an

Imagine, instead of these well-ordered salesrooms, an apse built into a hall, an altar beneath a stained glass window, the reliquaries, the lamps and the bishop's crook in their destined places, tapestries hiding the walls. Would there be need of a catalogue to remind us that craftsmanship is the precious bond that unites art to life, and that beauty achieves perfection by serving some other purpose than to display itself? In some fourteenth century interior an Augsburg cup near a tiled "Kachelofen" facing a Durer engraving would fill the place it occupied in its age, as a whimsical toy; its importance would be felt to be its gay triviality, like a moment of laughter in a passion play. If museum directors ceased modelling galleries on the Louvre or the Pitti, royal palaces temporarily without royal tenants, and studied instead those built to express the social purpose of an art museum, as the new museum at Geneva, they would find a series of just such rooms. If we are to see Oriental art, let us see it grouped about some courtyard lined with the tiles now scattered aimlessly over gallery walls, in the secret splendor of a house that turns a blank face to the street, like the heart of an Eastern sage. Renaissance palaces have been carefully reproduced in which to print our newspapers, as in the New York Herald building, or to house our clubs. It is much more necessary to build one, as Mrs. Gardiner has done, to house Italian art. If Italian gardens are appropriate on country estates, there is infinitely greater need for one through which to approach the Italian section of an art museum, where cypresses seemed to hide the distant wind-silver on olive hills, while some fountain, perhaps Verocchio's, topped by a laughing cherub, rescued from a white wilderness of casts, bubbled joy audibly; where Italy lived though one never entered the door under Andrea Della Robbia's medallions of gay fruit and flowers which now dangle on wires in gallery thirteen.

A museum must become, not a permanent exhibition but a permanent exposition, arranged as our expositions are, and pervaded by the same holiday spirit. The center should be a garden where instinctively we would return to dream and to meditate, where lovers would meet and children play. Though we saw the buildings only in passing or wandered in them for hours, we should feel precisely what we now lose, shuffling through gray galleries: a sense of the benediction of beauty, the knowledge that through the eye we gain peace. And since automobiles and baby-carriages, for reasons only an alderman can understand, have preeminent right to the space of our public parks, let the priceless variations in the color of snuff-boxes, the extra bishop's crooks, the endless assortment of Dresden china, be added to all other necessary accumulations the museum possesses, including the 3,700 musical instruments, and stored with them in well-lighted subterranean galleries. And there the critic, the historian, and the high-school teacher followed by patient droves learning to appreciate art, might amble happily

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Novelty First

The Big Idea, a play in three acts, by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton. Presented at the Hudson Theatre, New York, November 16, 1914.

CERTAINLY "The Big Idea" attempts, with almost heroic earnestness, to turn a new trick for the jaded public. It is a skillful trick, a triple somersault, and it lands, when it does land, on its feet, but there are moments when one longs for the familiar juggling with cannon balls or oranges, in the interests of one's double-knotted brain.

They say that when the professor of psychology wishes to bemuse his students he conjures up a symbol of infinity. He suggests a college building running around the campus, and in the center of the campus a perfect model of the rectangle. In the center of the model, of course, there is a diminutive reproduction of the original model, and in the center of that reproduction there is, in proper proportion, another reproduction. With this image in mind, the students are asked to go on visualizing models within models within models, so long as their imaginative apparatus can sustain the repetition. I do not know how far they get, but there is something about "The Big Idea" which suggests that, after a time, the model in the center of the campus would become a psychologic blur. The process in "The Big Idea," however, is not so subtly appalling and, luckily, for its spectators, is reversed. At the centre is an ordinary drama. Then comes a dramatization of this drama; and what we observe is a dramatization of the dramatization of the drama. It sounds a little complex, but so long as there is no sequel, dramatizing this dramatization of the dramatization of a drama, there is hope that the idea can be conveyed.

It is convenient to begin as the dramatists begin, with the episode that gives excuse for the play. James Howard is a New York banker and, although he does not wear side whiskers, he is a dishonest banker, a manipulator of accounts, a whited safety deposit vault. On Easter Monday night, closeted with his only son in his country home, he confesses his defalcations and his imminent ruin. He has worked every possible resource to save himself, but his ladder of escape does not reach to the top. He lacks twenty thousand dollars, and for want of that twenty thousand he will be trapped, made bankrupt, indicted, convicted, and sent to jail. The son, a young person who knows very little of life and has therefore devoted his time to writing stories, is staggered by his father's confession. Possessing nothing himself but a runabout and a few hundred dollars, he is unable to rescue his father. But hold! He has an insurance policy for $25,000, and the very man who sold him the policy is his chum, Bob Caswell, downstairs at the moment. He leads his father from the room. Enter Bob, cheery and devoted, little wotting what the son of the banker wots. A few sentences, however, unfold young Dick Howard's fell design. With Bob's dazed assent, he arranges to kill himself by "accident" and by the fateful Thursday approaching, to have the insurance money in his errant father's hands. Yes, it is tough luck, but when one's father is in trouble, one would willingly die to save him, wouldn't one? The insurance agent has no answer. When one's chum plans to kill himself so nobly, what is one to say?

So far there is nothing intricate, ingenious or extravagant about this ordinary theatric situation. Why, then, did the play open with a formal announcement before the curtain rose that it was a novelty? Why, when the curtain rose, did the Howards discovers young Richard's predicament and, falling in love with him on the spot, persuades him that, instead of electrocuting himself by accident, he can turn his situation into a drama, for which she engages to get $20,000. She has met a manager, one Gilmore, at sea, and she believes can persuade him to purchase the piece if it is finished within twenty-four hours. The time seems short, even for a productive writer who has not to bother about life. But Richard, wonderfully amenable, decides to do what he is told, and so, with father brooding on an upper floor, he proceeds to turn the subject of that brooding into a sensational drama which is to save the family name. As the play progresses, you realize that the intention of the dramatists is to make you believe, or pretend to believe, that such a thing did happen. You gather, even, that the real producer of the play is Mr. Gilmore and for verisimilitude, he has lent himself to the play. It is an elaborate hoax, a fantastic by-product of publicity, a five-footed calf on Broadway.

What saves "The Big Idea" from fatuity is the skill with which fresh materials are introduced to help the faltering dramatists on the stage. Time and again they come to the end of their resources and nothing remains to be disclosed, but at these moments some unexpected development in the real or original drama, the outwitting of the paying teller by the heroine, or his reappearance with a new irate demand, furnishes just the "action" they require to carry on the play to its conclusion. Keeping the two plots concurrent, one feeding the other, Messrs. Thomas and Hamilton manage to give "The Big Idea" a highly artificial interest, excellently sustained.

The manner in which the fable is extended so that the play is written and accepted cannot, with any fairness, be detailed, but there is one point in which the dramatists come so near destroying their invention that it is perhaps worth mentioning in a review. In the last act the heroine, urging the manager to buy "The Big Idea," turns to the audience and implores "the public, the darlings," for assurance that her play will make a hit. The public, in the language of Broadway, "stood for it." They entered into the illusion and applauded the appeal. A more preposterous sensation was never, I think, devised in any theatre. It was bad enough when Barrie had the impertinence to ask us if we believed in fairies, a matter which is none of his business, but this direct appeal, based on the fantasy that "The Big Idea" is actually keeping some crooked banker out of jail, is incomparably worse. It pokes a real head through the canvas, not the way to make a canvas live.

Except for the ranting of Mr. Ernest Glendinning, "The Big Idea" was satisfactorily played. There were people present who loudly declared it to be "crazy and meaningless," and who moaned during the intervals that "the music would certainly help out a great deal"; but such judgments could equally be inspired by "Hamlet" or "Peter Pan." For exceeding ingenuity "The Big Idea" is remarkable. And in this generation, when what Mr. Thorstein Veblen calls "the disintegrating trend of the machine discipline" has proceeded not a little, there must be hundreds of theatre-goers, sophisticated and incapable of simple wonder, who will enjoy the dramatization of the producing of the drama before their eyes. There is something very characteristic of this generation in such a drama. And we, who matured in that simple decade before the moving picture came to document untruth and turn everything visual to sensation, must be humble before our betters. We, poor senile elders, were eager about the What. But the generation that is succeeding us is the generation of cause and effect, and

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Books and Things

LOWES DICKINSON'S new book, "Appearances," is made up partly of letters from the East, first published in the "Manchester Guardian," and partly of letters from America, first published in the "English Review." In the letter form Mr. Dickinson has no chance to reveal again his gift of shaping and modeling exposition into a thing of intellectual beauty. "Justice and Liberty" remains his fullest revelation of this gift. Nor is there, in the Eastern letters, anything to equal the description of Chinese landscape in "The Letters of a Chinese Official," by which Secretary Bryan, so far as I know, was the only reader deceived. The letters from the United States, in spite of their readableness and their art, do not sound quite so unfamiliar as Mr. Dickinson's earlier comments upon this country. He is still a little obsessed by the average. "Describe the average Western man," he says, "and you describe the American; from east to west, from north to south, everywhere and always the same—masterful, aggressive, unscrupulous, egotistic, at once good-natured and brutal, kind if you do not cross him, ruthless if you do, greedy, ambitious, self-reliant, active for the sake of activity, intelligent and unintellectual, quick-witted and crass, contemptuous of ideas but amorous of devices, valuing nothing but success."

It may be all quite true, yet one wonders. Statistics tell us the proportion of Americans who fail in business. It is rather high, isn't it? Somewhere in the United States, one infers from these statistics, there must be Americans who are very likely all that Mr. Dickinson says of us, except that they are neither masterful nor quick-witted nor intelligent. Self-reliant and aggressive they may be, but the source of their self-reliance is not success achieved. Their self-reliance must be fed at other springs. They would be worth study by a visitor interested in the effect of American standards upon Americans whose lives, if tried by those standards, are failures. The average American, whatever else he may be, is not successful from a worldly standpoint. Liking to read about America, finding in such reading an egotistic satisfaction that doesn't bring one into disrepute, I can't help wishing such a perceptive visitor as Mr. Dickinson would pay more attention to our failures.

One knows, too, successful Americans who don't strike one as superlatively brutal, aggressive, unscrupulous, crass. It seems to me, looking backward across my acquaintance, that I have known Americans who were like still lakes, reflecting things beautifully, and whose activity was confined to seeking their level reasonably, with all the reasonableness of water. And I have known American artists, New Englanders, who were like quiet, bare trees, with flowers on them and no foliage. Not very long ago I was staying at the house of an American who has laid by and nailed down a small-sized fortune, acquired by speculating in railways. We were all saying, expansively, how we should like to live. "To collect a good deal of information, and to arrange it in my one way," the Speculator said, "and to judge it, and to be tranquil, and to have things simple rather than elaborate, and to sympathize with people and to discriminate between people, and to be kind to them when the opportunity comes, without hunting round for people to be kind to—that's about what I want." You may call the speech rather soft, if you choose, but does it sound active for the sake of activity?

Not long ago I was in a studio, listening to a Painter who likes competence and effici[illegible] The[illegible] many illustrated papers and magazines on the table. "It's extraordinary," the Painter began, "to read 'Punch' in war time and hear light-hearted laughter. The British seem aware of so many things beside the war. They still give you a feeling of the blue sky, a hint, dropped quite unconsciously, of a wider world. They're a little nonplussed themselves, I think, a little surprised and chagrined, at their continuing interest in sport, with which they used to be so pleased. Look at this picture of a week-kneed, silly-ass Britisher. Imagine the Germans, now that the war is on, making just as joyously as in time of peace such a joke against themselves. You can't imagine it. The Germans have no Uncle Sam or John Bull. They have no far-offness in their attitude toward themselves. Take 'Simplicissimus,' for instance, where they draw themselves with no hint of caricature, except as to the means; where the German feeling about Germans is a serious admiration of themselves as very perfect male beings.

"But how they do their enemies! 'Punch' has not invented a good German type. You can't be sure at a glance that the Germans are Germans. Now look at 'Simplicissimus,' at Gulbransson, their best man. Couldn't you pick that soldier out for British by his knees? And this one by his teeth, the teeth of a race that has been drinking tea indefinitely through generations, which doctors say produces the tannin tooth? Here is one of Gulbransson's Japs—a stubby nose, a little squat, firmly-built figure, a solid-stepping, powerful tiny person! No lines that aren't needed. In 'Punch' you often have forty where one would do. Gulbransson has thought it all out, he has carried competence and efficiency as far as other Germans have carried them in war, he has cut caricature to the line that's necessary. He hates savagely without waste. What clear incision of wound!"

"What has happened," I asked, "to the German Sehnsucht, the northern mist? What's become of German sentimentality?" "Gone," said the Painter. "They are making very few pictures with subjects that could be sentimentally treated, though here's one in 'Simplicissimus' that might have been all sentimentality—'Landwehrmanns Abschier,' by Thöny, their next best man. A father leaving for the front, with a baby in his arms, and three other small children. The coarseness of the drawing and the intentional ugliness of the handling keep the thing from being sentimental. You feel, even from this picture with small children in it, that men are the only things that count with the Germans now. Here's another, 'Simplicissimus' again, 'Altbayrisch,' by Spiegel. Flowers in the sunny window, you see, and two old people reading a letter from the front, with the brave, constrained, anxious expression of the old. It's done in such coarse, big, simple masses that sentiment, at least sentimentality, has no remotest chance to come in."

The Painter pushed the papers away and went on: "After a while, though, you get tired of efficiency and competence, sick of that deep narrowness of the German, the intensity of his focus. You go back to 'Punch,' where the drawing is so slovenly and the humor so agreeable. Their English execution is furry, of course, and their plastic ideal is mossy and overgrown. But other things than war still go on in life for the English. That's a relief, I think, after the cleared-for-action German cartoons."

Worship of success is not the loudest sound which this talk gives out. But painters are not the average in any country, and by their talk nothing can be proved, except, perhaps, that the average is not always and everywhere

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Maeterlinck and the Unknown

The Unknown Guest, by Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

The New Philosophy of Henri Bergson, by Edouard Le Roy. Translated by Vincent Benson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

THIS time Maurice Maeterlinck has stepped over the line. It is all very well to write in vague and poetical terms of the mysteries of the universe, of unknown forces that impinge upon the soul, of significances that elude expression, of experiences that seem to pierce the infinite. It is worth while to speculate about the unknowable things that lie so little below the surface of our matter-of-fact world, to think of the wisdom of the flowers and the instinct of the bee, intuitive sympathies and haunting presences, and all the experiences of aesthetic and personal emotion that defy analysis and conceptual regularity, and yet which bathe the life of every mind of the slightest poetical sensitiveness. About all these Maeterlinck has written with charm and truthfulness. But it is of the very essence of this mystic world that it remain formless and incalculable. It is charming and true only until one seeks the rationale of it all. When one tries to find the carnal manifestation of the mysteries, the cosmic always threatens to become comic.

Maeterlinck's curiosity has here been his undoing. Instead of being content to hear the murmurs and the music through the closed door, he has, like his own Ariadne, broken it down, and now wants us to believe that these psychometers, these prophets of the future, these talking horses of Elberfeld, are the best, because the most authentic and tangible, manifestations of the mystery about which he has talked for so long. This is worse than finding pendent wives. It is like finding there were no wives at all but only grotesque manikins.

Now there is no way of telling that these things are not connected with the Mystery, but if they are, I think Maeterlinck should have kept still about them. We never can think quite the same of a charming and glowing friend who presents us with an atrocious work of art from his own hand. And poignant as it was when the Mystery shone suddenly through a poem or a piece of music or a sunset or a presence, it seems trivial and even senseless for it to express itself in mystic scarfs and prophetic dreams, and horses who can do phonetic spelling and extract square roots. One has a sudden sense of disillusionment with the Mystery. "Pelléas and Mélisande" went; but from "The Unknown Guest" you are lucky if you get anything but arid and irritated wonder.

For Maeterlinck tries here to perform the impossible feat of living in two worlds at once. He is a little too much concerned about the objective evidence of his occult phenomena. And this is, of course, to enter upon a losing fight. It was well enough when he was dealing with the mystical in poetical and metaphorical language; that is, when he was treating the qualitative world in a qualitative way. Now that he has objective phenomena, he sees the need of establishing some objective proof. But it will be a long time before science will have enough evidence of the occult to persuade it to abandon or revise the stock of ideas which seem to work so well in practical control of the rest of the world. Up-to-date American psychology is completely renouncing the study of consciousness. It will concern itself only with such physical reactions as can be experimentally

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ophy and interpretation. The psychology of James, for instance, dealing naively with the mind as a conscious organ, becomes philosophy, poetry, autobiography, if you will—anything but science. The whole qualitative side of life is henceforth left frankly to those who can handle it in terms of experience and not in terms of mathematics. Science has unexpectedly accepted quite without reserve the Bergsonian dualism.

The implication of Bergson is that only those things that deal with automatism, with space, with matter, are amenable to intellectual analysis; that is, to science. Whatever deals with life, consciousness, creation, time, eludes classification and measurement, and is only susceptible of approximate expression. The ideal aim of science is a perfect objectivity, an abolition of the human instrument. The ideal of life is a perfect subjectivity, a gathering of all creative force into the human instrument. You can prove by rigid scientific means anything connected with manipulation of matter. But you can never prove subjective experience. You can interpret it, explain it, convey it by symbols and emotion to another person, but you can never prove it to him. And this conveyance is what we mean by art and literature and religion and philosophy. They are all communications of subjective experience and therefore completely and perpetually outside the realm of science.

There is nothing to show that Maeterlinck has ever read Bergson, or, at least, has ever been impressed by him. It would do him no harm now to take a leaf out of his notebook. He would then see that his mystical manner is the truer. For these personal reactions and interpretations we are at perfect liberty to accept or reject as they agree or disagree with our vision of life. But in trying to clamp them down to a universal hypothesis, or fortify them with objective proof, he leaves us with an uneasy sense of having been tricked. We seem to smell a charlatan somewhere.

Bergson would show him that charlatanry is unnecessary. The occult, like all personal experience, has value and truth just as far as it can be tested in other experiences, and no further. Science will not help in establishing its truth. Maeterlinck will have to give up his attempt to get his subconsciousness canonized by science. There seems small chance of persuading psychology to accept the subconsciousness when it won't even any longer accept consciousness.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE.

Henry James as Critic

Notes on Novelists, with Some Other Notes, by Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

HENRY JAMES has gathered his later criticism into this book of patient insight. Here he speaks at length of Stevenson, Zola, Flaubert, Balzac, George Sand, D'Annunzio, Matilde Serao, Dumas the Younger, Charles Eliot Norton, the novel in "The Ring in the Book." Here he speaks more briefly of H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, Compton Mackenzie and D. H. Lawrence. The oldest essays in the volume were written about twenty years ago. The latest were written this year.

In his novels Mr. James finds easily, too easily, expedients for keeping us off until the moment has come for the last nearness to his characters, whom we hear talked about by minor characters endowed with sustained inquisitiveness, whom we see through the eyes of some "suppositious spectator." In this volume, in spite of a reference or so to [illegible] artist we imagine trying to exhibit Balzac,"

us at the distance desired had to be found, and Mr. James has found them precisely where you would expect, in the architecture of sentences which hang back and retard, which almost persuade us that the interest blowing him toward the shore of his subject is really an adverse wind, which he must beat up against. And yet, so complicated is the effect of his mere manner, while we are still ready to wager that he will never land us on that far-off island, its odors and murmurs have come down the wind to us with sudden richness, and an instant later Mr. James is sounding the lagoon.

As everybody knows, in this high manner of his, ever since he achieved it, he has been doing marvellous things. There is abundance of them in this book, metaphors hard to match for sober splendor, metaphors whose amusing exactness is almost light. "Some readers may charge her," says Mr. James of George Sand, "with a graver confusion still—the incapacity to distinguish between fiction and fact, the truth straight from the well and the truth curling in steam from the kettle and preparing the comfortable tea." Here are landscapes done as absolutely as the finest Venetian things in "The Wings of the Dove"—like this setting for "an illustrious family whose fortunes have tragically shrunken with the expulsion of the Bourbons from the kingdom of Naples, and the three last lovely daughters of whose house are beginning to wither on the stem, undiscovered, unsought, in a dilapidated old palace, an old garden of neglected pomp, a place of fountains and colonnades, marble steps and statues, all circled with hard bright sun-scorched volcanic scenery." Is there anything better of its kind in English? No, this is the best.

This same elaborate high manner, which seems capable, if you take it inch by inch, more of self-existence for its own sake than of any delineative function, leaves Mr. James the delineator quite free to feel with sensitive fingers for the shapes of diverse talent, for the articulations which define, the differences of texture that matter, the moral insensitiveness which causes ugliness or triviality or insignificance in art. The manner we have always with us, but we have also, at the end of the book, the lesson of nearly every master understood as never before, the figure in his carpet revealed.

The separate revelations add up into one revelation, the most interesting, of Henry James himself. In this book we see, more distinctly than anywhere else, the figure in his own carpet. We have here a picture of his beliefs, of his austere illuminating preferences. We have a body of aesthetic doctrine which every young novelist would do well to consider, adopting it and adapting, or perhaps rejecting it, and so becoming more sharply aware of his own aims.

A novelist must take time to live, else his fate may be that of Zola, who underwent almost nothing, until too late in life, save the writing of Les Rougon-Macquart. Exceptions to this rule are as rare as Balzac. But to possess your material, to be soaked in it, saturated with it, is only one valuable half of the battle. "Yes, yes," says Mr. James in the presence of material thoroughly possessed by the novelist, "but is this *all?* These are the circumstances of the interest—we see, we see; but where is the interest itself, where and what is its center, and how are we to measure it in relation to *that?*" Unless a novel answers these questions it is not organized, it is not composed, it lacks significance. In the scale of significances the highest is moral. If you have a defective eye for moral values your novel will not have the aesthetic importance that you claim for it. Here lies the explanation of the fact that the "total beauty" of D'Annunzio's novels "somehow extraordinarily fails to march with their beauty of parts."

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PHILIP LITTELL.

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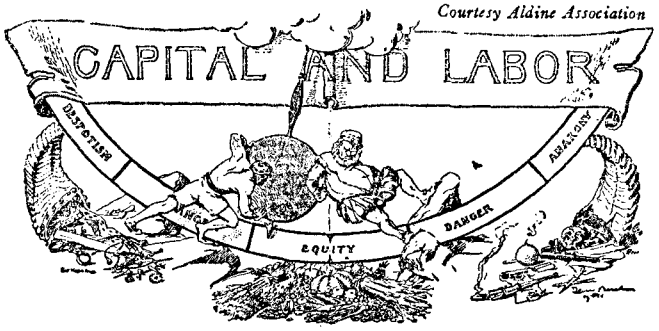

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